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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Three Years in Canada: an Account of the actual State of the Country in 1826-7-8. By John Macctaggart, Civil Engineer, in the service of the British Government. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

A GREAT mass of local information, simply and clearly arranged, and derived from that best of all possible sources—the writer's own observation; for which he had every possible advantage; curious statistical details, &c. make these volumes a valuable addition to the long list of travels in which the present age is so rich. Our limits are ill calculated to allow that prolonged discussion which arises in the question of emigration; but it at least stands to reason, that every work fitted to throw real light on the actual state of a given country must be beneficial in its effects: and Mr. Macctaggart's is one we cordially recommend to our readers. For our own pages we shall endeavour to select what seems of the more universal interest.

Rummaging: "We started again, cut holes through the thickets of these dismal swamps, directed a person to go about half a mile before and wind a horn, keeping to one place, until those behind came up; so that by the compass and the sound, there being no sun, we might better grope out our course. For in the woods you have not only to keep to a course, but you have also to discover what that course is; not as on sea, where the course is known before the ship starts, that one port bears from another; but in the wilderness the relative position of places is not known,—a cause which improves the instinct of the Indian, making it so superior to that of a European. We had this matter to study deeply; and we had likewise to seek for that track where we could best preserve our level, in the shortest possible distance. This compelled us frequently to diverge from the direct course; a ridge of rocks or a deep swamp, the one much above, the other beneath, the required level, had necessarily to be shunned as much as possible. I mention these things out of no vain boast, but as curiosities in science; and must own that the subject perplexed me not a little. Placed in thick and dark snow-covered woods, where, unless the axe-men cut holes, a prospect of five yards could not be obtained; doubtful what kind of land lay on either side, or directly before; calculating at the same time the nature of canal-making in such places—the depths to dig, or the banks to raise, so that the level might be kept from one sheet of water to another, the former eighty feet above the latter; while the weather was extremely cold, and the screws of the theodolite would scarcely move: these things all considered, were teasing enough to overcome, and required a little patience. When night drew on, two of the axe-men were sent off to rig the wigwam *shanty* by the side of a swamp. This was done for two reasons, or say three: first, because water could be had in the swamps to drink and cook with, if the ice

were broken to get at it; secondly, the boughs of the hemlock grow more bushy in such places, and are so far more easily obtained to cover the shanty; and thirdly, there are generally dry cedar-trees found there, which make excellent firewood, and the bark of dry cedar is the best thing in the world for lighting a fire with. When the party got to the place, there was a very comfortable house set out, a blazing fire with a maple back log, ranging along for a length of twenty or thirty feet. There, on the bushy hemlock, would we lie down; roast pork before the fire on wooden prongs, each man roasting for himself; while plenty of tea was thrown into a large kettle of boiling water, the tin mug was turned out, the only teacup, which, being filled, went round until all had drunk; then it was filled again, and so on; while each with his bush-knife cut toasted pork on a shive of bread, ever using the thumb-piece to protect the thumb from being burned: a lot or two round of weak grog finished the feast; when some would fall asleep,—others to sleep and snore; and after having lain an hour or so on one side, some one would cry *spoon!*—the order to turn to the other—which was often an agreeable order, if a spike of tree-root or such substance stuck up beneath the ribs. Reclining thus, like a parcel of spoons, our feet to the fire, we have found the hair of our heads often frozen to the place where we lay."

"Canadian ice is not so compact as that to be found in Britain: the thinner the ice, the more solid it is: when thick, it is more full of little air-cells, and of a grayish colour. It is not of so hard a nature, either, as that at home; a person can cut a hole through it with a hatchet as quickly as they can at home, although it may be four times as thick. In the winter of 1826 the ice of Lake Ontario, when at the thickest, was within half an inch of two feet; the Lake of Chaudiere was three feet and a half: they are not so thick, by about half a foot, towards the middle, and begin to take (that is, freeze) round the sides first, before the middle; sometimes towards the centre they will not freeze at all unless the frost be very severe. The road for sleighs is, therefore, round the sides. The Canadian adopts this for two substantial reasons: first, that the ice is more safe there; and, secondly, that should it break in, he has a better chance to get out. Often horses and sleighs will break smack through, sink beneath the ice, and be seen no more: the drivers generally contrive to escape, although sometimes they get entangled or confused, and sink with the rest. An honest settler and his wife were cantering along the Ottawa to hold their merry new-year in Montreal: what a gay set-out, and what a span of beautiful American bay horses! they went like the wind; while the cutter (an elegant species of sleigh) tilted over the cracks and cahots in glorious style. My much-respected friend John Sherriff, esq. was a passenger aboard,—who would not have had his interesting company if it were to be obtained?—a profound connoisseur in the news and manners of Canada,

deeply read in the periodical literature of the old country, a great traveller all over the world, ever retaining a good and cheerful disposition. Often would he warn the farmer to take care of the ice, as about the eddies of Long Island it was never to be fully depended upon; but the other still replied there could be no fear, seeing by the track that two laden traineaux had lately passed before them. Thus gliding along with a swift and smooth velocity, down they went with a plunging crash. My humorous friend, whose presence of mind never forsook him, vaulted on to the solid ice, and very politely handed out the lady, while her husband, poor fellow, kept touching up the cattle slightly with the whip, unconscious of his dangerous situation, and, had my friend not caught him by the coat-tail, he would have sunk, like his horses, beneath the cold casement of the river, to be seen no more. If the horses are allowed to plunge much, there is no chance of saving them: they have therefore to hang them, to keep them quiet, until they are pulled out, when the noose on the neck is slackened, and life permitted to return. While on this subject, I may mention a question which was once laid before me for decision. A gentleman sent his servant with a sleigh and two valuable horses to a neighbouring village for some purpose or other; when this servant and another servant of the same gentleman, who was likewise there on some business of his master's, happened to meet: the one who had charge of the sleigh getting intoxicated with rum, the other insisted on driving the vehicle home for him: while doing so, the ice towards the middle of a river gave way, and the horses, sleigh, and cargo, were lost. 'Was it proper, or not, to dismiss those servants from their master's employ?' The voice of the multitude was in favour of the servants, but I doubt if that was right: humanity, however, ought to be coupled with rigid justice. In England such servants would have been turned off; but there they can soon find other masters, and masters other servants:—not so in Canada. * * *

"The mosquitoes are very numerous during the hot months of summer in the uncleared country, and in that too partly shorn of the woods. They are extremely troublesome, and nothing hitherto discovered will prevent their biting the exposed parts of the body. The Indians and French Canadians, who may be called the natives of the country, suffer almost as much from them as new-comers, but their flesh does not swell so. People from Britain are frequently to be met with nearly blind from the poisonous effects of these insects. It is vain to rub the skin with grease or camphor; they mind it nothing. Some will fling veils over their faces; and these would keep them off, were not veils troublesome things too in hot weather to wear; they confine the breathing, and add an additional warmth to the cheeks that have no need of it. Nothing will keep them at bay but the strong, smudging smoke of fire; nor will this do unless we completely envelope ourselves in the midst of it,

which is not very comfortable. In Europe, the cattle run to the hill-tops to get rid of the flies, but in Canada they move towards the smoke. How contented will the old horses and cows hang over the smouldering embers, neighing and lowing for perfect joy! When the weather is damp and moist, they get numerous; the swamps and little inland rivers are perfectly covered with them. In these places they are considered to breed. In dog-days they are not so troublesome: towards the latter end of August they are at the worst, and larger grown than in the spring. They are extremely greedy; if with a pair of sharp scissors we clip away the half of the body of one that is sucking, it will not desist and attempt to fly away, but continue to suck for hours, the blood flowing from where it was severed in two. It is said that they have succeeded in killing animals; nor does this seem at all wonderful, when their virulent nature is known. Night and day they are equally annoying: it is in vain to go to bed at any prescribed hour, for no sleep can possibly be obtained unless we are completely fatigued out; and when we wake, the face is covered with blood; and if the hands or legs be exposed, they are rendered frightful to look at, and the feet will not go into the shoes or boots they have been accustomed to. Settlers in the heart of the woods suffer dreadfully from them: they keep a *smudge* always at the threshold of the door of the dwelling. The *black flies* are almost as bad as the mosquitoes; they are not such a large insect, nor so poisonous. When examined with the microscope, the mouth is not unlike that of a bull-dog; whereas, the other sucks with a proboscis."

There are some curious accounts of a species of madness, which seems peculiar to sailors.

"This madness is, in two respects, similar to hydrophobia—it is extremely violent and outrageous in its nature, of short duration from the appearance of the symptoms until death closes the melancholy scene,—and as yet has been perfectly incurable. It has been my lot to see three cases, but I have heard of many more: they were all *captains* of merchantmen, driven in by stress of weather to a small harbour on the coast of Britain. The first I saw had been extremely irritable for a day or two previous: the crew durst not speak nor look the way he was on. The symptoms getting worse, he grasped a large sail-knife by the lanyards, and pursued one of the apprentices over the rigging of the ship. The young sailor was wide awake to the intentions of his master, and ran up and down the shrouds with great agility; but the captain was equally nimble; and while the poor lad was turning the cross-trees, the madman, on the opposite ladder, let dash at him with the knife, and cut one of his cheeks from brow to chin—a frightful gash. The sailors now interfered, and after much danger and difficulty succeeded in securing the captain with ropes: then he roared, kicked, and cursed, in a horrid manner, until the evening of the second day, when he died under a paroxysm of rage.—The second, while running into harbour, seemed struck with the appearance of a gentleman's house that had been built on a commanding station by the sea-side. 'D—d fine house!' he kept muttering to himself, until the ship was brought to anchor; when he ordered his apprentices, six in number, to proceed with him instantly ashore in the jolly-boat, and each to bring a rope with him five fathoms long. They obeyed, of course, as it is quite against all maritime law for apprentices to disobey the orders of their captain. On arriving ashore he bade them

follow him as fast as they could round the coast to the large house: they did so. On arriving there, which was about a mile and a half from the bay, he found, to his surprise, the door locked, and no persons moving about, the family being absent. The gardener's wife was left in charge, and she was at her own cottage in the garden at the time. Finding this, with his bare fists he whacked in the panes of glass and window-frames, cutting his hands in a shocking manner. Having effected an opening, he jumped into the drawing-room, and bowled out of the window whatever of mahogany furniture came first to hand—chairs, tables, sideboards, &c., d—ning the apprentices to make up their burdens. The poor fellows, having each bound in his rope a lot of furniture, proceeded on the homeward march, followed by the stormy captain, groaning under a huge table, balancing it on his back with one hand, and carrying a large mirror in the other. Thus passing many people on the road, the neighbourhood became alarmed—the country people gathered round with sticks and intercepted him when returning again to the house, and with much difficulty got him secured and lodged in the county gaol; but getting more and more outrageous, the humane conceived that being in a prison was the cause, and they had him removed from thence into a private house; but it made no difference, he expired in the same way as the other, perfectly smothered with rage.—The third seemed to decline robbery or murder: he wandered melancholy about the shore; and when any notice was taken of him, he gave utterance to wild imprecations. Sometimes he would take a stick and thrash the ground until he was quite exhausted, or hurl rocks off a precipice into the surge. This being in a remote part of the country, which was thinly inhabited, nobody molested him; or rather, none of the harmless sheep-farmers durst go near where he was. They kept hovering round at a distance, however, and as the distemper increased they got more and more alarmed. At last he became more exhausted, and could not stand on his feet. Thus did he wear away, much in the same way as the others did, although he was not handcuffed or molested by any one."

We shall conclude with the following sketch of the general state of the weather.

"The extremes of heat and cold are felt to be more severe in the cleared districts than in the uncleared: mercury frequently freezes at Quebec and Montreal; and the summers are so hot for some days, that it is a wonder how animals contrive to live. Rain is not very abundant: it prevails most in the spring and fall. Mists in the inland country are not so frequent as in Britain, but on the sea-coast much more so. Thunder and lightning are very common: the flashes more vivid and bright, and the peals much louder. Hail is not very common; and the *piles* of snow are very regular figures,—hexagonal and sometimes octagonal *stars*: the snow never falls in such minute particles as sand, or yet in flakes as large as common butterflies. The snow generally begins to fall about the middle of November: in the woods it is seldom attended with wind, but in the cleared places it blows into huge wreaths: the road-ways are filled full between the fences. In the beginning of the above-named month there are generally a few very fine warm days called the *Indian summer*. The coldest month in the year is January: if water be then put in bed-rooms, wherewith to wash, the jugs and ewers will be broken ere morning. The first indication of

cold weather having set in, is destruction occurring amongst porcelain and glass vessels containing fluids. If wine or porter be once frozen, it is very insipid when thawed. To malt grain of any kind is very difficult, the temperature of the seasons varying so much: nevertheless, there are numbers of breweries and distilleries; but the ale and spirits they produce are not very good. Tolerably fine cider is made, and there are cider-presses all over the country: the climate is extremely favourable for the growth of apples and melons. The branches of the apple-trees in the orchards towards the end of summer must be well propped, else they will break down with their loads. The best crops of wheat are produced by sowing it in the fall: it is not sown so thickly as with us; one bushel will sow as much as three. Spring wheat is also sown; from thirty to forty bushels an acre is considered a good crop of either, weighing from forty to fifty pounds per Winchester bushel. Crops are not built in stacks, but put in large barns, or under sheds, having movable roofs, that can be raised or let down at pleasure. The grub is not much talked of by the farmer; but I have seen them look serious, and express themselves dolorously, about blight, rust, and mildew. The squirrels, and a bird like the blackbird, are often troublesome amongst the crops. Flax and hemp are not much cultivated, but the soil in many places is accounted favourable. Tobacco is begun to be raised, and promises to do well. They do not sow rye-grass, but a kind of grass-seed called Timothy, which makes good hay: those having beaver meadows in their estates obtain a good deal of hay from them. Mowing and reaping are difficult in the new settlements, the land being so rough, and roots and stones sticking up. They reap with the toothed sickle, and mow with a short sith. The stones to sharpen the sith are of a white free-stone nature, and are brought from the States: it is not a composition stone, but cut from a natural block. There is a species of gypsum found in Canada good for sharpening axes, and as highly esteemed as the callumey stone is amongst the Indians,—a gray kind of fire-stone they make their pipes of: there is a river called the Grand Callumey, whose banks contain this stone. In sharpening sithes no sand is used; but I think it might be to much advantage. Oats are cultivated, and succeed tolerably. A gallon of oats is thought to be a good feed for a horse. The Canadian horse is one of the hardest and best of his race, able to endure the greatest fatigue; and when he is whipped by his master, he is said to begetting his allowance of oats: he would outdo those of any other country I am acquainted with. The milk of the cows tastes of garlic if they feed in the woods, and is not considered very wholesome. The trees are in full leaf by the middle of June, and as bare as they will be by the end of November: there are a number of evergreens, and few birds of song in the woods. Along the margin of the lakes the snow does not lie above three months in the year. The snow is of considerable use to the farmer; it forms a covering for his crops, and a road to market. A farm in a tract of country that has five months sleighing snow in the year is considered to be in a more favourable climate than that which has but three: it is generally more healthy, and has less mud and rain. The weather is very changeable; and when it does change, it is always on a sudden: there are few who can prophesy from appearances with any degree of success, more than five hours before the altera-

tion takes place: the heavens will sometimes get overcast, and the rain begin to pour in a twinkling. The sky is seldom very beautiful to look upon; never have I seen what may be called a respectable towering woolly cloud. Winds are seldom severe; sometimes, however, they lay waste extensive belts of the forest for thirty miles at a stretch, and from a quarter to a mile broad: these are called windfalls. Trees growing on the banks of the rivers lean in towards the water: the reason of this is obvious, as their roots are all on one side. It is said that water attracts them: this I do not think is the case. Water may attract the willow to a certain extent, which may account for the Dutchman's art in discovering spring-wells with a forked stick. Wide roads through pieces of forest-ground are dangerous to travellers during a squall of wind: I have seen them crashing down behind and before in a frightful manner; and at Stoney Creek saw a poor woman and her son who were killed by a tree being blown down on a little cart they were riding in,—the horse was not hurt."

Again we most highly commend these volumes—not perhaps for their great literary merit, but as containing much sound sense and great and general information.

Fauna Boreali-Americana; or, the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America.

By John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. 4to. pp. 300. London, 1829. Murray. THE zoology of the northern parts of British America, as elucidated by Captain Franklin's interesting expedition, has here received all the light that could be bestowed upon it by the diligence of his fellow-traveller Dr. Richardson, and by the scientific assistance of those distinguished naturalists Messrs. Swainson and Kirby. The volume, illustrated also by numerous plates, therefore assumes a high degree of importance as an addition to the pleasant science of which it treats; and we have much satisfaction in recommending it to all the lovers of natural history. But having said only thus much in a general point of view, we must be content to leave its graver features and principal merits to the philosophical reader, while we simply extract a few of its more popular passages for the gratification of all ranks.

"The young grisly bears and gravid females hibernate, but the older males often come abroad in the winter in quest of food. Mackenzie mentions the den or winter retreat of a grisly bear, which was ten feet wide, five feet high, and six feet long. These dens are named *watec* by the Indians. As this bear comes abroad before the snow disappears, its foot-marks are frequently seen in the spring; and when there is a crust on the snow, the weight of the animal often causes it to crack and sink for a yard or more round the spot trod upon. These impressions, somewhat obscured by a partial thaw, have been considered by the inexperienced as the vestiges of an enormously large quadruped; and the natives, although perfectly aware of the cause of the marks, are prone by their observations to heighten the wonder they perceive to be excited by them. Many reports of the existence of live mammoths in the Rocky Mountain range have, I doubt not, originated in this manner. Necklaces of the claws of a grisly bear are highly prized by the Indian warriors as proofs of their prowess."

So much for our grisly bruin; now, touching his larger brother.

"The flesh of the polar bear is, as stated

by Captain Phipps (Lord Mulgrave), exceedingly coarse. The Russian sailors who wintered in Spitzbergen found it, on the other hand, much more agreeable to the taste than the flesh of the rein-deer. I quote this fact here, not to shew that there was any thing peculiarly gross in the taste of the Russians, but to have an opportunity of remarking, that when people have fed for a long time solely upon lean animal food, the desire for fat meat becomes so insatiable, that they can consume a large quantity of unmixed, and even oily, fat without nausea. Our seamen relish the paws of the bear, and the Esquimaux prefer its flesh at all times to that of the seal. Instances are recorded of the liver of the polar bear having poisoned people."

Of another animal we are told—

"An albino variety of the beaver is of very rare occurrence. Hearne saw but one in the course of twenty years, and it had many reddish and brown hairs along the ridge of the back: its sides and belly were of a glossy silvery white. When the Indians find an individual of this kind, they convert the skin into a medicine-bag, and are very unwilling to dispose of it."

Our next extract is a picture of manners.

"Herds of wild horses, the offspring of those which have escaped from the Spanish possessions in Mexico, are not uncommon on the extensive prairies that lie to the west of the Mississippi. They were once numerous on the Kootannie Lands, near the northern sources of the Columbia, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountain ridge; but of late years they have been almost eradicated in that quarter. They are not known to exist in a wild state to the northward of the fifty-second or fifty-third parallel of latitude. The young stallions live in separate herds, being driven away by the old ones, and are easily ensnared by using domestic mares as a decoy. The Kootannies are acquainted with the Spanish-American mode of taking them with the lasso. Major Long mentions that 'horses are an object of a particular hunt to the Osages. For the purposes of obtaining these animals, which in their wild state preserve all their fleetness, they go in a large party to the country of the Red Canadian River, where they are to be found in considerable numbers. When they discover a gang of the horses, they distribute themselves into three parties, two of which take their stations at different and proper distances on their route, which by previous experience they know the horses will most probably take when endeavouring to escape. This arrangement being completed, the first party commences the pursuit in the direction of their colleagues, at whose position they at length arrive. The second party then continues the chase with fresh horses, and pursues the fugitives to the third party, which generally succeeds in so far running them down as to noose and capture a considerable number of them.' The domestic horse is an object of great value to the nomadic tribes of Indians that frequent the extensive plains of the Saskatchewan and Missouri; for they are not only useful in transporting their tents and families from place to place, but one of the highest objects of the ambition of a young Indian is to possess a good horse for the chase of the buffalo, an exercise of which they are passionately fond. To steal the horses of an adverse tribe is considered to be nearly as heroic an exploit as killing an enemy on the field of battle; and the distance to which they occasionally travel, and the privations they undergo, on their

horse-stealing excursions, are almost incredible. An Indian who owns a horse scarcely ever ventures to sleep after nightfall, but sits at his tent-door with the halter in one hand and his gun in the other, the horse's fore-legs being at the same time tied together with thongs of leather. Notwithstanding all this care, however, it often happens that the hunter, suffering himself to be overpowered by sleep for only a few minutes, awakes from the noise made by the thief galloping off with the animal. The Spokans, who inhabit the country lying between the forks of the Columbia, as well as some other tribes of Indians, are fond of horse-flesh as an article of food; and the residents at some of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts on that river are under the necessity of making it their principal article of diet."

Having lost our bonassus from the Regent's Park, we conclude with Dr. Richardson's notice of his wild companions in their native haunts.

"One of the earliest accounts we have of the animal is by Hernandez; and Recchus' edition of his observations, or rather commentary upon them, is illustrated by an engraving which seems to have been made from a rude sketch of the bison, altered by the European artist to a closer resemblance with the European ox. Hennepin, in the narrative of his discovery of Louisiana, and his travels through that country between the years 1669 and 1682, gives a very good description of the bison, together with a figure, which is apparently a copy of that of Recchus. It does not appear to have excited much attention in Europe until lately, when several specimens having been imported into England, were exhibited under the attractive title of *bonassus*, which, though described by the ancients, was asserted to have been lost to the moderns until recognised in the American animal. The American bison has, in fact, much resemblance to the *aurachs* of the Germans (*Bos urus*, Boddart), identified by Cuvier with the *bonassus* of Aristotle, the *bison* of Pausanias and Pliny, and the *urus* of Cæsar, and which, down to the reign of Charlemagne, was not rare in Germany, but is now nearly confined to the hilly country lying between the Caspian and Black Sea. The bison wander constantly from place to place, either from being disturbed by hunters, or in quest of food. They are much attracted by the soft, tender grass which springs up after a fire has spread over the prairie. In winter they scrape away the snow with their feet to reach the grass. The bulls and cows live in separate herds for the greatest part of the year; but at all seasons one or two old bulls generally accompany a large herd of cows. In the rutting season the males fight against each other with great fury; and at that period it is very dangerous to approach them. The bison is, however, in general a shy animal, and takes to flight instantly on winding an enemy, which the acuteness of its sense of smell enables it to do from a great distance. They are less wary when they are assembled together in numbers, and will then often blindly follow their leaders, regardless of, or trampling down, the hunters posted in their way. It is dangerous for the hunter to shew himself after having wounded one—for it will pursue him; and although its gait may appear heavy and awkward, it will have no great difficulty in overtaking the fleetest runner. While I resided at Carlton House an accident of this kind occurred. Mr. Finnan M'Donald, one of the

Hudson's Bay Company's clerks, was descending the Saskatchewan in a boat, and one evening having pitched his tent for the night, he went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become nearly dark when he fired at a bison-bull, which was galloping over a small eminence; and as he was hastening forward to see if his shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him. He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on its forehead as it struck him on the side with its horn; and being a remarkably tall and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which continued until his wrist was severely sprained and his arm was rendered powerless: he then fell, and after receiving two or three blows became senseless. Shortly afterwards he was found by his companions lying bathed in blood, being gored in several places; and the bison was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack, had he shewn any signs of life. Mr. McDonald recovered from the immediate effects of the injuries he received, but died a few months afterwards. Many other instances might be mentioned of the tenaciousness with which this animal pursues its revenge; and I have been told of a hunter having been detained for many hours in a tree by an old bull which had taken its post below to watch him. When it contends with a dog it strikes violently with its forefeet, and in that way proves more than a match for an English bull-dog. The favourite Indian method of killing the bison is by riding up to the fattest of the herd on horseback, and shooting it with an arrow. When a large party of hunters are engaged in this way on an extensive plain, the spectacle is very imposing, and the young men have many opportunities of displaying their skill and agility. The horses appear to enjoy the sport as much as their riders, and are very active in eluding the shock of the animal, should it turn on its pursuer. The most generally practised plan, however, of shooting the bison is by crawling towards them from to leeward; and in favourable places great numbers are taken in pounds. When the bison runs, it leans very much to, first, one side for a short space of time, and then to the other, and so on alternately. The flesh of a bison in good condition is very juicy and well-flavoured, much resembling that of well-fed beef. The tongue is reckoned a delicacy, and may be cured so as to surpass in flavour the tongue of an English cow. The hump of flesh covering the long spinous processes of the first dorsal vertebrae is much esteemed. It is named *bos* by the Canadian voyagers, and *wig* by the Orkney men in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. The wig has a fine grain; and when salted and cut transversely, it is almost as rich and tender as the tongue. The fine wool which clothes the bison renders its skin when properly dressed an excellent blanket; and they are valued so highly, that a good one sells for three or four pounds in Canada, where they are used as wrappers by those who travel over the snow in carioles. The wool has been manufactured in England into a remarkably fine and beautiful cloth; and in the colony of Osnaboyna, on the Red River, a warm and durable coarse cloth is formed of it. Much of the pemmican used by the voyagers attached to the fur companies is made of bison meat procured at their posts on the Red River and Saskatchewan. One bison cow in good condition furnishes dried meat and fat enough to make a bag of pemmican weighing ninety pounds. The bison which frequent the woody parts of

the country form smaller herds than those which roam over the plains, but are said to be individually of a greater size."

With these very slight examples we must refer our readers to this volume for farther curious information. The engravings are beautifully executed.

Personal and Literary Memorials. By the Author of "Four Years in France," "Italy as it is," &c. 8vo. pp. 496. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

A VOLUME of this kind puts us in mind of country cousins' visits to London,—all sorts of things are to be seen; a great deal of industry is blended with *tant soit peu* of discrimination; they go shopping and staring, till, time and money alike expended, they return, the log-book of memory crowded with good, bad, and indifferent. Most writers of reminiscences do by their anecdotes as the before-mentioned do by their sights;—in the desire of missing nothing that can be seen, much that is useless and uninteresting is also put upon the list. We can think of no more accurate criticism for the volume before us; it is a complete *mélange*—many very amusing anecdotes, and a good deal of religious discussion, which we leave to those more authorised disputants, the divines; and shall content ourselves by endeavouring to make a selection of the most entertaining passages.

"Mrs. Brooke, authoress of 'Julia Mandeville,' 'Emily Montague,' the musical piece of 'Rosina,' and other works popular in their day, and of no small merit—this lady was sister to the wife of my great uncle Joseph Digby, rector of Tinwell, near Stamford. Mrs. Digby was a woman of talent, and had the faculty, very uncommon, not in women only, but in men of the highest attainments—the faculty of being able to read. She could take up a book, and in her natural voice, without any other change of tone or cadence than what the subject matter required, enunciate what in the book was written down as if the words were her own. Children learn to read. Men should talk out of a book. Mrs. Digby told me that when she lived in London with her sister Mrs. Brooke, they were, every now and then, honoured by the visits of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He called on them one day, soon after the publication of his immortal Dictionary. The two ladies paid him due compliments on the occasion. Amongst other topics of praise, they very much commended the omission of all *naughty* words. 'What! my dears! then you have been looking for them?' said the moralist. The ladies, confused at being thus caught, dropped the subject of the dictionary.

"Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, Oxford, received a morning visit in his closet, or *cabinet* as the French would call it. The visitor, Dr. Sibthorp, said to him, 'Mr. Warden, why do you sit in such a little place as this? You have not room to swing a cat.' 'I do not want to swing a cat, Dr. Sibthorp.' Wisdom can teach few lessons of greater utility than not to desire what we do not possess. We are told of an ancient philosopher, who, on beholding the splendours of a great palace, cried out, 'How many things there are here that I do not want!' Was he a greater philosopher than Dr. Barton, who was contented with a space too narrow for an amusement in which he did not wish to exercise himself? Dr. Barton was a punster. He said, 'the fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a stop to it; whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain. He invited, for the love of punning,

Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rook to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearing, said, 'Mr. Rook! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *Bird more*.' He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of *Buckle*. The enterprise succeeded beyond his expectation. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. 'A pair of Buckles!' 'Boys or girls?' said a congratulating friend; the answer may be supposed. To him, though it has been attributed to others, belongs the glory or the shame of having said to one, who having re-established his health by a diet of milk and eggs, took a wife:—'So, you have been *egged* on to matrimony: I hope the *yoke* will sit easy on you.'

"A young, zealous, and conscientious student in Anglican theology once asked an experienced dignitary, 'Pray, sir, what do the Armenians hold?' 'Hold?' said his Mentor, 'hold?' 'Why, they hold all the best pieces of preferment in the church of England.'

"The Abbé Denais, an emigrant priest from Anjou, talked English better than any foreigner I ever knew. He pronounced *th* perfectly well: he observed to me, moreover, 'You have two *this*: you have *th* in *this*, *that*; and you have *th* in *thick*, *thin*. I shall tell you how I surmounted the difficulty of pronouncing them, and distinguishing between them.' Taking a letter out of his pocket, he tore off a very little bit of paper, and laying it on the back of his hand, and placing it horizontally in a line with his lips, said distinctly, *this*, *that*. He bade me remark that the bit of paper did not stir. Then, in like manner, emitting the words, *thick*, *thin*, exclaimed, — *Regardez comme le morceau de papier s'envole*; and was quite delighted with the success of his experiment."

"When the terms of the treaty which followed the restoration of the king were known, the French amused themselves by composing what they called the alphabet of the restoration, *la nation Française a, b, c*. The French pronunciation of these letters suggests to every one the word *abaissée*. *Quarante-trois Départements c, d, (cédés)*. *Le ministère e, b, t*. As the aspirate in the word *hébéte* is not sounded, you have only to pronounce the three letters to arrive at the sense. *La gloire des armées Françaises f, a, c, (effacée)*."

"Dr. George Horne was a man of unaffected piety, cheerful temper, great learning, and, notwithstanding his propensity to jesting, dignified manners. He was much beloved in Magdalen College, of which he was president; the chief complaint against him being, that he did not reside the whole of the time in every year that the statutes required. He resigned his headship on being promoted from the deanery of Canterbury to the see of Norwich; the alleged reason was, the incompatibility of the duties; though other heads of houses, when made bishops, have retained their academical situations. He never manifested the least ill-humour himself, and repressed it, but with gentleness, in others. Having engaged in a party at whist, merely because he was wanted to make up the number, and playing indifferently ill, as he forewarned his partner would be the case, he replied to the angry question, 'What reason could you possibly have, Mr. President, for playing that card?' 'None upon earth, I assure you.' On the morning when news was received in college of the death of one of the fellows, a good companion, a *bon vivant*, Horne met with another fellow, an especial friend of the defunct, and began to console with him: 'We have lost poor L——.' 'Ah! Mr. President, I may well say I could have

better spared a better man." "Meaning me, I suppose?" said Horne, with an air that, by its pleasantness, put to flight the other's grief. I was talking with Henry James Pye, late poet-laureate, when he happened to mention the name of Mr. P. a gentleman of Berkshire, and M.P. I think, for Reading; "That is the man," said I, "who damned the king's wig in the very presence of his majesty; with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the king." "I do not well see how that could be." "You shall hear a story which our president (Pye had been a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College) told at his own table. The king was out a hunting: P— was in, and of, the field: the king's horse fell; the king was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him: he got on his feet again immediately, and began to look about for the hat and wig, which he did not readily see, being, as we all know, short-sighted. P—, very much alarmed by the accident, rides up in great haste and arrives at the moment when the king is peering about and saying to the attendants, "Where's my wig? where's my wig?" P— cries out, "D—n your wig! it is your majesty safe?"

"While the late Edmund Burke was making preparation for the indictment, before the House of Lords, of Warren Hastings, governor-general of India, he was told that a person who had long resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam, was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him, that the poor man whom he had just visited, was most iniquitously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called 'Irish impetuosity,' known to be one of Burke's characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the matter public, or even bring it before parliament. The keeper then said, 'Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman's cell, and ask him what he had for breakfast.' Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. 'Pray, sir,' says he to his Indian counsellor, 'be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast.' The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out, 'Hob-nails, sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us! They give us nothing but hob-nails!' and went on with a 'descant wild' on the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. Burke staid no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt; and, on the advantage of the first pause in the talk, was glad to make his escape.—I was present when Paley was much interested and amused by an account given by one of the company, of a widow lady, who was of entirely sound mind, except that she believed herself to be made of glass. Given the vitrification, her conduct and discourse were consequent and rational, according to the particulars which Paley drew forth by numerous questions. Canes and parasols were deposited at the door of her drawing-room as at the

Louvre or Florentine Gallery, and for the same reason. 'You may be hurt by a blow,' said she, to one of flesh and blood; 'but I should be broken to pieces: and how could I be mended?'

"Some one came up to Paley and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. 'A common case,' said Paley. We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—'A man should never pay money till he can't help it; something may happen.'

"At another time he said:—'I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy: but that paying ready money is such a check upon their imagination.' Paley's education had been sufficiently hardy. 'My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will.' 'When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these must be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been bought at a sale!

"He told me: 'when I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself: there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family; and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about.' I said, 'That is a very curious anecdote;' and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life. Paley took his rides on horseback occasionally, but always alone, without the attendance even of a servant. 'I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat: I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the ears to the tail.' Understanding all this, and seeing him gambading on the race-course, I turned my horse's head another way. 'I saw what you meant this morning; it was very considerate of you: I am much obliged to you.' Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have had but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the precentor's; two of Mr. Subdean's daugh-

ters were there; he shewed great anxiety on account of the necessity that seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair; taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, 'It is only next door.' 'The houses touch,' said I, 'but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses and then through the garden in front of your house.' He consulted the precentor, who, to put the matter in a right point of view, cried out, 'Let the girls have a chair; it is only three-pence a piece.'

"He preached a sermon at Lincoln for the benefit of a charity school. In the course of this sermon he related, in familiar but sufficiently dignified language, a story of a man who, giving evidence on a trial respecting some prescriptive right claimed by the trustees of the charity, was browbeaten by the questioning counsel: 'I suppose the fact to which you swear happened when you were a charity boy, and used to go to school there?' The witness calmly replied: 'I was a charity boy; and all the good that has befallen me in life has arisen from the education I received at that school.' Paley drew hence an argument in favour of the institution for which he pleaded. The whole discourse pleased his auditors, and a deputation waited on him to request he would print it. He said, 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment; but I must give the same answer that I have given on other like occasions; and that answer is—The tap is out.' 'The Archbishop of York,' said he, speaking of a late primate, 'preached one day at Carlisle: I was present, and felt muzzy and half asleep; when on a sudden I was roused, and began to prick up my ears; and what should I hear but a whole page of one of my own books quoted word for word; and this without the least acknowledgment, though it was a *white bear*; a passage that is often quoted and well known.' 'Now,' said Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, who related the anecdote, 'guess what inference Paley drew from this plagiarism. No; if that court were full of people, not one of them would be able to guess: it was this—' 'I suppose the archbishop's wife makes his grace's sermons for him.' "The Rev. Mr. Peters, prebendary of Lincoln, and a painter, gave to the cathedral an altar-piece, his own work; the subject, the Annunciation. It so happens that the Blessed Virgin is, in this piece, represented as very far advanced in pregnancy. Paley, with an arch look, first at the prominent part of the Virgin's person, and then at the angel, said, as if speaking to the latter, 'You're come too late.'

"Dr. James, the master of Rugby school, was represented, by those who knew him, as a weak, amiable man, and a very good Greek and Latin scholar. He went to Parr one day in great distress of mind, and opened his business with, 'Dr. Parr, I want to consult you: I am very much afraid there will be a rebellion among the boys; what am I to do?' Parr replied: 'Buy a large cocked-hat, James.' Dr. James rejoined, 'Pray, be serious: consider what serious consequences these symptoms of insubordination may lead to.' Parr insisted, 'Buy a large cocked-hat, James; an immensely large cocked-hat!'

"Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."

"There was once a crier of fish at Lincoln, who would not compromise his veracity: he was wont to say, 'Fish, fish! they were alive:' and this reticence obtained for him at least as much credit as would have done the

epithet 'fresh,' a hundred times repeated. He cried the lists of the horses at the races of Lincoln; and after announcing the contents of the lists, 'the horses' names, their owners' names, and the colours of the riders,' he endeavoured to excite the sympathy of us, his townsmen, by adding — 'Poor Lincoln races! they are worse and worse!' Public criers do not usually proclaim unwelcome truths: truth is as often found at the bottom of a well as on a race-course. True it was, nevertheless, that coaches and six, which the crier and others had formerly regarded with admiration, were no longer the mode; and that Yorkshire Doncaster afforded better sport to the amateurs, and a better harvest to the black-legs, than did our ancient colony. These races were in my boyhood a holiday to me: the scene was animating. Among other attractions was a German Jew, whose cry was 'Up mit it again — always a voman.' He carried before him a basket of cakes, to be sold at a half-penny a-piece; but, accommodating himself to the genius of the place and the spirit of the time, he offered to the public the chance of winning two cakes or of losing a halfpenny, pledging himself to risk his own fortune in the toss-up, on the event of the obverse of the coin being uppermost; this obverse bearing the figure of Britannia, not yet deprived of her cap of liberty. As this man was a Jew, and I belonged to the religion by law established, I thought it right to insult him; and so asked him when the Messiah was to come. He evidently resented my impertinence; but suppressing his anger, quietly replied, 'He was never tell me;' then turning to the business of the day, uttered forth his cry — 'Up mit it again — always a voman.'

"The celebrated David Hartley entertained, I believe, at his apartments in Merton College, of which he was fellow, a party of his friends: they dined well, *comme de raison*; and there was every likelihood that the evening would conclude with the utmost festivity, when a letter was brought to the naturalist: after due apology, he opened and read it; then starting up, he rushed out of the room. He soon returned, with horror on his face and a basketful of feathers in his hand: 'Gentlemen, what do you think we have been eating?' Some of the guests began to fear they had been poisoned: even the boldest felt qualms. 'Oh! that the letter had but arrived before the bird!' Then holding up some of the feathers, and letting them fall into the basket to display them to the company, he relieved their apprehensions, while he revealed the cause of his own grief, — 'we have eaten a nondescript.' Though no blame could attach to him, there was something in all appearance so disreputable in the untoward accident by which, under his auspices, a scientific object had been treated in so vulgar a manner, that Hartley did not quickly recover from the mortification."

We shall conclude with a riddle of Lady Craven's:

"The late Margravine of Anspach wrote an impromptu charade, and presented it to her husband, Lord C., as the person most interested in the subject of it, and most capable of judging of its truth: —

Mon premier est un tyran — mari-
Mon second est un monstre — age:
Et mon tout est — le diable — mariage."

Altogether, we recommend this as a very readable book — a vein of pleasantry runs through the whole; and as for the polemical opinions, we leave them to such as may be inclined for the discussion.

Foscarini; or, the Patrician of Venice. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Hunter.

WE shall best characterise this tale by calling it one of the most picturesque possible; the imagination is kept continually excited by images of beauty — by that species of inspiring mystery, as in the veiled face of a nun — and by a poet's taste in the use of all those romantic associations, of which, like the magic and silver chain in the fairy's garden, touch a single link, and a hundred others vibrate in music. The story is exceedingly interesting, and well told; but we are too kind to our readers to spoil it by telling it to them. We shall extract a single scene; only premising, that the hero, and his mistress disguised as a young officer, have been taken prisoners by robbers.

"The boat turned into a winding passage amid the rocks, which advanced into the sea. Notwithstanding the profound darkness, the rowers continued their exertions; and some branches of resinous pine, lighted by one of the *Uscoques*, discovered the interior of a vast cavern, in which the waves, losing their impetuosity, formed a still and gloomy lake. Foscarini felt as if the world had closed on him: he looked upon Margaretta, upon features in which dignity and beauty were united, and whose expression was that of firm resolution. Every thing indicated in the *Uscoques* a barbarity more ferocious than that which has its origin in the want of civilisation. Among savages in a state of nature, we may discover the seeds of virtue; but in these countenances, where evil habits had extinguished every sentiment of humanity; in these eyes, at one moment apparently inanimate, and the next sparkling with fury, — might be read, in living characters, the inscription which the poet observed upon the gates of hell. Their arms consisted of a poniard, pistols, and a Turkish sabre; and each of these outlaws having retained such part of his dress as custom had rendered most agreeable to him, it was easy to trace the country from which he had been expelled."

They debate on the destruction of their prisoners: —

" 'In the East,' said the Jew, in his monotonous and drawing tone, 'a faithless woman is sewn up in a sack, and the sea covers all; let us shut up our prisoners under the deck of their bark: I remarked this evening the signs of a storm, and I am much mistaken if the north wind do not make them dance from heaven to hell. Drowned, beaten to pieces on the rocks, where can they be found, or how could they be recognised?' This expedient, being to them a new mode of inflicting a painful death, was received with noisy approbation. 'Let them perish, and may they carry with them the good fortune of Venice!'

"The brigands displaced a rock, which closed the entrance of the cavern; as they went out, Gregorina redoubled her invectives: — 'May she not be dangerous?' demanded one of the *Uscoques*. 'No, no,' answered Maslarida; 'her attachment to me will be our security.' Antonio, whom they had not separated from Margaretta, entreated her to discover herself: 'To save my life is out of the question; but do not think I will suffer you thus to perish!' 'Say but one word, and I will throw myself from the rock.' Her foot was already on the edge, and Antonio, thinking she was going to execute her threat, sprung forward to hold her back. 'Do you think you can do as much, when she strikes on the points of the rocks?' said Zafarana. 'Listen! do you hear the roaring of the wind? did I not tell you so?'

demanded Isaac. They answered him with cries of savage and ferocious joy. 'This does not resemble the regattas on the grand canal, my young hero,' said Zafarana, with his tiger-look. 'Nor does it resemble the triumphs you have promised yourself, great exterminator of the *Uscoques*,' resumed Maslarida laughing. These insulting remarks produced others, to which Antonio made no reply; preserving a calm and firm demeanour, very foreign to his real feelings. He looked on with a sort of hesitation in his manner, whilst they prepared his singular mode of punishment, and with difficulty repressed his desire of selling his life dearly; but he thought he owed this sacrifice to Margaretta. What would become of her when he was no more? Of what use would then be her explanations, too long delayed, with these robbers, drunk with wine and carnage, and irritated by his unexpected resistance? Would she not remain exposed to every outrage? Nevertheless, in looking at that beautiful creature, so young, so tenderly bred, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and destined to so miserable an end, a deep groan issued involuntarily from his breast; and the *Uscoques* rejoiced to see him at last shew some sign of grief. Turning towards him, with a look which expressed the enthusiasm of her passion, Margaretta entered the bark with a firm step; and they heard nailed over them the hatches of their movable prison, to be broken only by the pointed rocks on which, in all probability, it would dash them. The *Uscoques*, delighted at the invention, crowded into the boat, and began to row vigorously. 'I have been unable to defend you, and yet I live!' exclaimed Antonio, striking his head against the planks. 'Why such despair?' said Margaretta, 'death to me is freedom; does it not unite us? Am I not yours? I die happier than I have lived!' Antonio's answer was lost in the noise of the winds and waves; their lips met, and it was in this moment of anguish that they exchanged the first kiss of love. Meanwhile the *Uscoques* had left the tunnel, and abandoned the bark to the fury of the storm. They felt their movable cell raised to prodigious heights, and then sinking to a frightful depth: they could neither speak to nor see each other, but their mutual feelings were expressed by sighs, and the trembling pressure of their hands. This extreme state of agitation finally produced an enthusiasm which raised them above the horror natural to human beings at the near and inevitable approach of death. As chance would have it, the wind, which as it then blew would have driven them out to sea, changed suddenly, and forced them towards the coast. The bark, driven about in all directions, at last struck against one of the innumerable rocks which bordered the shore, and split open with a horrible crash. Holding Margaretta in one arm, Antonio struggled courageously with the other against the wave, which at once carried them to a distance from the vessel. He preserved himself on the surface for a time by swimming; but it required the most strenuous efforts to resist the violence of the tempest. Pressed down by the weight of his clothes, and by that of his precious burden, his strength began to fail, when suddenly an enormous wave broke over them, drew them rapidly along, and finally threw them on the shore. Instead of the rocks, which were to have destroyed them, Antonio felt the sand; and, clinging to it a moment, that the water might retire, he rose on his feet, staggered a few paces, and called on Margaretta. She was cold and motionless: had he saved only himself! Despair deprived him of

his remaining strength, his ideas became confused, and he fell senseless on the strand."

There is a very original sketch of character in a young Moorish page; and we do think the lovers of romance will find much gratification in these pages.

Natural History of Enthusiasm. 8vo. pp. 311. London, 1829. Holdsworth and Ball.

THE age for essay-writing has long passed by, and with it much of that calm, sedate habit of thinking for which the authors of the last century were famous. So far as we have only lost by this circumstance the jejune affectations of pretended moralists, we have nothing to regret; but the old style of essays was very distinct from its imitation in later days. It often ran, it is true, with a grave, moralising tone; but there was a raciness of thought and expression, even when the commonest subjects were treated of, which compensated for the occasional introduction of a wise saw. The long series of essays which we possess is by no means the least valuable feature of our national literature; and we sometimes think it would be well if the rich reflective pages of the British Essayists were more frequently imitated in style and spirit than they have now for many years been. It is not without pleasure, therefore, that we witness some signs of a revival of this species of writing in the present day. We have now on our table four or five volumes which deserve to be regarded as worthily imitating their classical predecessors; and, though not broken up, as they might indeed have better been, into several distinct essays,—as composed in the weighty and convincing style which forms the great charm of a genuine essay. *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* is, in fact, an essay on the nature and effects of its operation on the human character,—a subject than which no better could be found for such a mode of treatment in the whole range of psychological science. Partaking, as every strong passion does, of the nature of this mighty agent, it is a work of profound philosophical thought to distinguish between what is natural as passion, and enthusiasm as feeling,—between the power working by its own energy, and the sudden strength which is felt but not possessed, impelling but not helping forwards. Enthusiasm, to take it in the bad sense of the word, is produced by a false estimate of things on the one side, and a false idea of ourselves on the other—the offspring, in by far the most instances, of ignorance and vanity. But it is not in this contracted sense that the word enthusiasm is always understood; nor does the principle in reality always proceed from the same causes, or produce the same effects. It may find a resting-place in strong minds, under particular circumstances, as well as in weak; and in this case, though the conduct to which it impels be no more the result of right or cool reason than in the other, it will be widely different in its character—as different, in short, as the passionate love or anger of a wise man and a fool. We have read the work before us with considerable pleasure. It is full of admirable observation, and expresses that high tone of moral feeling which gives a kind of legitimate authority to the writer's speculations. The following extracts will justify our praise. In speaking of religious enthusiasm, he says—

"The religion of the heart may be supplanted by a religion of the imagination, just in the same way that the social affections are often dislodged or corrupted by factitious sensibilities. Every one knows that an artificial excitement of all the kind and tender emotions

of our nature may take place through the medium of the imagination. Hence the power of poetry and the drama. But every one must also know that these feelings, however vivid and seemingly pure and salutary they may be, and however nearly they may resemble the genuine workings of the soul, are so far from producing the same softening effect upon the character, that they tend rather to indurate the heart. Whenever excitements of any kind are regarded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasure, then, instead of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dispelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding the softness and warmth of generous love through the moral system, they become a freezing centre of solitary and unsocial indulgence, and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be called virtuous. No cloak of selfishness is in fact more impenetrable than that which usually envelops a pampered imagination. The reality of woe is the very circumstance that paralyses sympathy; and the eyes that can pour forth their floods of commiseration for the sorrows of the romance or the drama, grudge a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy. Much more often than not, this kind of luxurious sensitiveness to fiction is conjoined with a callousness that enables the subject of it to pass through the affecting occasions of domestic life in immovable apathy: the heart has become, like that of leviathan, 'firm as a stone, yea hard as a piece of the nether millstone.'"

We have very seldom read any more excellent reflections than the following, which occur in the chapter on the doctrine of Providence.

"Those unforeseen accidents which so often control the lot of men, constitute a *superstratum* in the system of human affairs, wherein, peculiarly, the Divine Providence holds empire for the accomplishment of its special purposes. It is from this hidden and inexhaustible mine of chances—chances, as we must call them, that the Governor of the world draws, with unfathomable skill, the materials of his dispensations towards each individual of mankind. The world of nature affords no instances of complicated and exact contrivance, comparable to that which so arranges the vast chaos of contingencies as to produce, with unerring precision, a special order of events to every individual of the human family. Amid the whirl of myriads of fortuities, the means are selected and combined for constructing as many independent machineries of moral discipline as there are moral agents in the world; and each apparatus is at once complete in itself, and complete as a part of a universal movement. If the special intentions of Providence towards individuals were effected by the aid of supernatural interpositions, the power and presence of the Supreme Disposer might indeed be more strikingly displayed; but his skill much less. And herein especially is manifested the perfection of the Divine wisdom, that the most surprising conjunctions of events are brought about by the simplest means, and in a manner that is perfectly in harmony with the ordinary course of human affairs. This is in fact the great miracle of Providence—that no miracles are needed to accomplish its purposes. Countless series of events are travelling on from remote quarters towards the same point, and each series moves in the beaten track of ordinary occurrences; but their intersection, at the very moment in which they meet, shall serve, perhaps, to give a new direction to the affairs of an empire. The materials of the machinery of providence

are all of ordinary quality; but their combination displays nothing less than infinite skill."

We believe that from this small volume might be collected sufficient materials to strike any ordinary mind with subjects of reflection for a year. We select the remarks which occur on the most important topics, because they are those of a man of sense and feeling, but not an enthusiast. In observing upon the probable spread of Christianity, he says:—

"The relative political and commercial condition of nations at the present moment affords several special grounds of reasoning, on which the extension of Christianity may be anticipated as a probable event. Among topics of this class may be named that of the diffusion of the English language—the language which, beyond comparison with any other, is spreading and running through all the earth, and which, by the commerce and enterprise of two independent and powerful states, is colonising the shores of every sea. This language, now pouring itself over all the waste places of the earth, is the principal medium of Christian truth and feeling, and is rich in every means of Christian instruction, and is fraught with religious sentiment, in all kinds, adapted to the taste of the philosopher, the cottager, and the infant. Almost apart, therefore, from missionary labour, the spread of this language ensures the spread of the religion of the Bible. The doctrine is entwined with the language, and can hardly be disjoined. If the two expansive principles of colonisation and commercial enterprise, once diffused the language and religion of Greece completely around every sea known to ancient navigation, it is now much more probable that the same principles of diffusion will carry English institutions, and English opinions, into every climate."

We close this book under the impression that the author is a man of great judgment, and possessed of a true and genuine philosophical spirit. His work deserves to be read universally, and especially at the present time, when there is great need, but great lack, of such productions.

Some Account of Edward Ruppel, and his Travels in Northern Africa.
[Concluding notice.]

THE distracted state of the country having prevented Ruppel's intended visit to Kordofan, he resolved to ascend the Bahar-Abbiad, or white river, which forms the western branch of the Nile, and has been conceived by Ritter, in his admirable description of Africa, to be a continuous stream of the Niger. It was not destined to be Ruppel's fate to solve a problem, in which Bruce, Rennell, and Humboldt, are opposed to Ritter. M. Hey was sent in advance up the Bahar-Abbiad; such, however, was the confusion created by the revolt of the province of Sennaar, that Ruppel was unable to follow him, but remained in the island of Kurgos for a space of three months, in a state of dreadful suspense, both for the fate of his enterprising companion, as well as the safety of his property, collections, and camels. Six months had elapsed without any tidings being received from either of them, when the arrival of a third collection of specimens brought their friends in Europe a letter from Ruppel, who had reached Cairo in July 1824, after having been rejoined by Hey, who had spent three months and a half upon his perilous voyage. This traveller is the first European who has navigated the Bahar-Abbiad, and afforded us any authentic account of that great river. "His conduct during this expedition was that

of a man who despised all personal considerations. With his little crew of five men, he made such good use of his skill and courage, that he persevered in his ascent of the stream for a space of two whole months, during which he was engaged in perpetual hostilities with the Shillons, Funges, and Nubas Shengas: on this excursion he penetrated as far as the mountainous district of Fazuglo; so that he must have reached the twelfth degree of northern latitude. As a proof of this, he brought back several mammiferous animals and birds which are natives of that clime. He observes, that he should have reaped a far richer harvest, if he had met with a single tribe whose conduct towards him had been otherwise than decidedly inimical: and he states, that the Bahar-Abbiad continued to be very broad, even at the furthest point of his attempt; that he saw numerous herds of hippopotami, without being able to kill one individual among them, and found crocodiles which were five and forty feet in length. The result of this voyage sets both Bruce's assertion and Rennell's and Humboldt's opinions at rest; for a single glance at Bruce's chart of the Nile renders one inference peculiarly striking; namely, that a stream which flows at a short distance along the side of mountains whence it takes its source, could not possibly possess so broad a bed, much less during the excessive heats under which Hey was navigating it. On the other hand, it does not follow, that we are at once to admit the identity of the Nile and Niger, or reject the recent assignment of a western mouth to the latter of these rivers, as insisted upon by English writers." Hey, on his return, ascended the Asrak, or eastern branch of the Nile, and reached Sennar, from which unwholesome spot he was glad to make his escape and rejoin his colleague, with whom he regained Dongola, and returned to Cairo. In a letter of the 3d of May 1824, dated from Ambukol, Ruppel expresses his intention to visit Kordofan, as offering attractions of no common character. "Kordofan," says he, "possesses a singular range of semi-extinct volcanoes, particularly at the Gebel-Koldagi, where there is a lofty peak, which smokes and constantly throws up hot ashes. Against another mountain, to the south-east of Obeid (*Ibeit*) are found several chambers hewn in the rock; their sides are covered with figures of animals; a stone bench runs completely round them; and several pillars of the same material support the ceilings. The map I enclose of Kordofan and the banks of the Nile is wholly derived from information collected by Mohammed-bey, the son-in-law of Méhémet-Ali, the pasha, and communicated to me by him. It indicates no other places besides those which this remarkable personage has visited during the campaigns of the last four years. Mohammed-bey is one of the few Turks who know how to appreciate and respect the claims of science; he is also enthusiastically devoted to geography, and sensible of the value of new discoveries. His constant companions are a large atlas published at Constantinople, and several Turkish works relating to geography, astronomy, and natural history. He is not destitute of a partial acquaintance with these sciences, and is fond of displaying it when in company with persons whose taste is akin to his own. I was not a little surprised to hear him explain the phenomena of refraction and attraction with much clearness and precision. When he asked me what was the real cause of declination and the deviation of the magnetic needle, I must own, that no school-boy was ever more embarrassed than I was on being

called upon for an explanation. In other respects, this extraordinary being is of a more cruel and sanguinary disposition than any writer has assigned to the most atrocious despots of antiquity. * * * You will be astonished at finding no indication on my map of the river *Morgan*, though it appears in the charts given by Bruce and Burckhardt. I was equally surprised at this circumstance myself, as Bruce had navigated the Atbara, from Goz-Regiab to Ras-el-Wadir. The following is the result of my inquiries on this subject. There is no river in the country known by the name of *Morgan*; this is an Arabian word, signifying the confluence of two rivers, and is derived from *gure*, a corner or acute angle. Hence the district of Kurdan, where the Bahar-Abbiad and the Bahar-Asrak meet, is here styled *Morgan*." Ruppel next dwells on the fertility and magnificent ruins of Mandéra, an immense plain, situated between the Atbara, Rahad, Bahar-Asrak, and Nile, and forming an island, as Bruce had conjectured: he ascribes the wealth and prosperity of its ancient inhabitants, as attested by the splendid ruins of their dwellings, to their commercial spirit, "which diffused itself in every direction around this common centre. The ruins to the south-east of Sofá were on the high road from Axum to Adulis." After alluding to his visit to the ruins of Gurkab, he communicates the heads of intelligence he had gleaned from trustworthy persons, in anticipation of his meditated journey into Kordofan. This passage is too interesting to be given in any words but his own. "The negroes, who inhabit the mountainous part of Kordofan call themselves Nubas, and are divided into distinct tribes, each of which occupies the summit of a high mountain. The majority of these tribes speak a dialect which is peculiar to them, and the roots of which are recognisable in the four languages of Koldagi, Shabun, Dia, and Tekala. In all these several tongues, the place where they have settled is termed *Danka* or *Donga*. The great bulk of the Nubas are heathens, adoring, as it is said, the moon, or at least addressing their prayers to that luminary. The only exceptions are a few tribes, living on the banks of the Bahar-Abbiad, and professing Mahommedanism. Agriculture is the occupation of all the Nubas of Kordofan; durra is the principal article of cultivation in the plains; and the greater proportion of them are weavers of cotton cloths. Many of the tribes are familiar with the casting of metals and working of iron. They are a race, generally speaking, of a mild, humane, and industrious character; and the inhabitants of Kolfan are the only people accused of thieving. To the south-east of Kordofan there is found, as it is reported, a tribe of anthropophagi. The dialect of Koldagi resembles the language spoken by the Berberes, which is the common language of this district, from Assouan to Dongola. The circumcision of girls is as prevalent among them as that of boys among the Berberes. All the inhabitants of Kordofan, who have not intermixed with the Arabs, of whom some have settled amongst them, have woolly hair; and though the flattened nose and thick lip bespeak their negro descent, they do not possess the round projecting cheek, which distinguishes the negro of western Africa from every other race. I have obtained the skull of a Nuba of Dguke or Dgdukeb (perhaps the Shungalla of Bruce?) on the eastern bank of the Bahar-Abbiad. Hey, who has explored sixty leagues of that stream, describes it as a mass of marshy waters, which has no current in the winter season. These

waters, though neither turbid nor muddy, are whitish in colour, and do not mix with the stream of the Bahar-Asrak at the confluence of these two branches of the Nile; indeed, their distinct hues may be traced for a considerable distance beyond it."

Here we close our account of the interesting and important travels of this enterprising and devoted geographical explorer.

Ueber den Werth, &c. On the Value of the Weights and Measures of the Ancient Romans; as deduced from the original Records preserved in the Royal Bourbon Museum at Naples. A Prelection held in the Royal Acad. of N. By Lucas de Samuele Cagnazzi. Translated by J. J. Avon Schönberg, M.D. 8vo. pp. 152. Copenhagen, 1828.

NEITHER Neander, Agricola, Paetus, Bernard, Arbuthnot, nor Eisenschmid, have treated this subject as successfully as Romé de l'Isle, in his *Métrologie*, or tables for ascertaining the weights and measures of the ancients. The accuracy of his details, particularly as regards the Roman foot, is essentially corroborated by the present work; which is the result of inquiries undertaken by Cagnazzi, who was directed by the King of Naples to examine such antique remains as have been recovered during the progressive excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and might serve to throw light upon ancient metrology.

Our author had six distinct scales under his examination, and measured them with an instrument he had constructed for that especial purpose; but his labours were thwarted by the same difficulties which had been encountered by his predecessors. In fact, the scales considered as representing the *Roman foot*, are not only of dissimilar lengths, but their subdivisions are inaccurate. M. Cagnazzi accounts for these discrepancies by reminding the reader that the incorrectness of the measures both of the "Eternal City," as well as her minor dependencies, was a frequent subject of complaint. From amongst the six scales he had before him, he felt no hesitation in preferring one which was beautifully inlaid in bone, to the other five, which were of metal: the length of the former he states at 131,348 Parisian lines, or 11,6656 English inches.*

In regard to liquid measures, he did not consider those which are preserved in the Bourbon Museum as at all calculated to afford a satisfactory record of their original capacity; and he was, therefore, induced to recur to some other basis for his comparative estimate. An ancient weight, on which it is recorded that it was made in the reign of Vespasian, and weighed exactly ten pounds, is preserved at Rome, and had been made use of by preceding inquirers, particularly De l'Isle, as the groundwork of their labours. The Bourbon Museum indeed possesses various series of weights, the value of which is ascertained by the inscriptions upon them; but they differ considerably from one another. However, he selected three of those, which were in an excellent state of preservation, and, being marked with an X, were evidently masses of ten pounds each: he found them to yield the respective weights of 3258, 3285, and 3232 grammes; whilst another weight of two pounds, which was in a scarcely less perfect state, gave 652 grammes. From these data, our author assumes 3258 grammes, or 7.188 English pounds, to have been the

* Shuckburgh estimates this Roman foot as varying from 11.6064 to 11.6392 English inches.

exact contents of ten pounds;* and he then proceeds to state his reasons at length for the assumption of this calculation. He observes, that the four weights he employed were of serpentine stone, and in as perfect a state as when they came out of the makers' hands: on this account he deemed them peculiarly adapted to afford as accurate a result as could be expected under the circumstances. He next enters upon the following calculation:—Ancient writers mention ten pounds as being the weight of the *congius* of water; a measure equivalent to one eighth part of the ancient cubic foot: he therefore takes the weight, which forms the basis of the French gramme, viz. distilled water of 0 deg. of heat against rain-water of 10 degrees, and compares it with the number of grammes we have just mentioned. By these means he finds 131,325 Paris lines, or 11,6636 English inches, to be the value of an ancient foot measure; a value which closely approximates to the contents he had already estimated. With a view of ascertaining the extent of the errors with which his calculations might possibly be chargeable, he entered into a similar calculation in reference to the lightest and heaviest of the weights employed, and found the former to contain 130,976 grammes, and the latter 131,694.

It would be tedious to point out the variations which exist between the estimates of the Roman weights and measures which have been made by most preceding calculators, and the results which Cagnazzi has obtained. In the eyes of scientific readers, the prolixity of his details will tend to give his treatment of the subject an increased value. At all events, he has evidently girded himself to his task with a mind anxious to derive conviction from positive experiment and laborious investigation.

With very few, and those but immaterial exceptions, the translator of this treatise appears to have done justice to its merits. The engraving he has annexed to it, represents the instrument employed in measuring the several scales, and gives the inscription found on one of the weights.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Englishman's Guide to Calais, &c. &c., by two Routes to Paris, &c. By James Albany, Esq. 12mo. pp. 212. London, 1829. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A not very necessary, and, if necessary, a very indifferently executed work. A *Guide* begins by telling the reader that the writer was at six o'clock on the beach of a picturesque watering-place—that the morning was lovely, &c. &c.; and this idle vein runs through the book. We should like to know what such information has to do with the *guidance* of other travellers?

Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels.

THE plan of this little work is excellent. A knowledge of foreign countries—their customs, productions, &c.—is as interesting as useful to youthful readers: a spirit of inquiry is excited, a mass of information is almost unconsciously collected, which cannot but have a good effect in after years. The great drawback to this branch of literature is, that even in some of its best works there is much both useless and improper for the young mind; and, moreover, they are often too expensive for the juvenile library. The plan of the pages now before us is to condense and select the materials of some

of our most celebrated travellers; and an accurate idea of South America may be gathered from extracts which have laid Messrs. Warburton, Hall, and Head, under contribution; and this, we think, might be very advantageously extended into other countries—Africa, for example. We should not forget to mention that there are some pretty little illustrations; though that of Warburton's riding on the crocodile borders rather too much on caricature.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 10.

NEVER did warrior furnish such innumerable resources to dramatic invention as William Tell:—indeed, his exploits seem to possess the same charm as the widow's cruse of oil—for they are inexhaustible. I went to see the new opera, of which the northern hero is the subject; and perhaps the Helvetic chief will hereafter owe the immortality of his fame more to the divine accords of Rossini, than to his own achievements. The overtures of the first and second act are *des chefs-d'œuvre* in expression and elegance of style; the trio of the "chœur du serment" is also of the purest melody:—but what awoke every chord of the soul, and almost overpowered the senses, was the duet in the second act, sung by Nourrit and Debadié. The applauses of the audience were provokingly enthusiastic; for loud bravos and encores interrupted the vibrations of harmony, and broke the spell of enchantment. The scenery was very indifferent, except the landscape on the rising of the curtain; and as for the ballet, it was a sad distortion of legs and arms: a trio, however, danced by Paul, Taglioni, and Madame Montessin, to a Tyrolean air, indemnified the spectators for the unpoetic motions of the other performers, who looked as though their limbs had been just dislocated by the rack. Rossini was repeatedly called for at the conclusion of the piece; but he had left the house,—to the great disappointment of the assembly. In the box with me there were two ladies of consequence, who had brought crowns with them to throw on the stage as a homage to Rossini; but as he did not appear, they were obliged to renounce the pleasure of testifying their feelings of admiration to the "king of melody."

On the 2d of August the jubilé was opened by a solemn mass, and Monseigneur the Archbishop bore the old bones and relics of saints in procession,—I suppose by way of giving them an airing. As I looked at the gravity of his face, and the awe-struck countenances of those who aided in the ceremony, I could not help thinking of Montesquieu's observation,—“That those who are only half mad are shut up; whilst others who are entirely so, range the world at large.”

As the palace of the Louvre is judged insufficient for the exhibition of the produce of industry, it has been proposed to terminate the half-built palace of the Quai Dorsay, and to consecrate it to that purpose. According to the calculation of architects, it will require only three millions to complete the building.

“Le Captif Littéraire,” the same work which formerly was published under the title of “Dangers des Souvenirs,” has just appeared. Poems also, by the King of Bavaria, are *sous presse*; and so anxious are the public to be initiated into the secrets of kingly hearts, that fifty volumes are already bespoken. “Souvenirs d'un Pendu,” by a man of quality, is another work which has much whetted curiosity: reviewers speak highly of it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A NEW EARTH.

M. BERZELIUS has just discovered a new earth, which possesses all the properties of that which formerly bore the name of thorina, but which, as is known, was only a phosphate of yttria. On account of this great resemblance, M. Berzelius has given the name of *thorina* to the new substance. This earth is white, and irreducible by charcoal or potassium. After having been strongly calcined, it is no longer open to the attack of the acids, with the exception of the concentrated sulphuric acid. Even after having been operated upon by the caustic alkalies, the sulphate of thorina is very soluble in cold water, but almost insoluble in boiling water; so that it cannot be separated from several other salts by washing the mixture in boiling water. Thorina dissolves easily in the carbonate of ammonia; the elevation of temperature causes the precipitation of a portion of the earth; but as it cools, the precipitate disappears. All the salts of thorina have a very pure astringent savour, almost like that of tannin. Chlorure of thorina, treated with potassium, is decomposed with a triple deflagration. The result is a gray metallic powder, which does not decompose water, but which, above a red temperature, burns with a splendour almost equal to that of phosphorus in oxygen. Thorina is but feebly operated upon by sulphuric or by nitric acid; hydrochloric acid, on the contrary, dissolves it with a lively effervescence. Thorina exists in a new mineral which has been found in a small quantity at Brevig, in Norway.—*Le Globe*.

CHRONOMETERS.

At the annual public trial of chronometers at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, an account of which was inserted in our last, the second prize (of 170*l.*) was awarded to chronometer John Carter, No. 131; the actual variation of which, between any two months of the year, was 0''/79; being only a quarter of a second greater than that of the chronometer which obtained the first prize.

NATURAL HISTORY: THE LION.

Two lions, which have been for some time in the menagerie at the Jardin du Roi, have afforded an opportunity of verifying a curious fact mentioned in several old works, but which modern authors have in general overlooked; namely, that there is at the extremity of the lion's tail a small claw concealed in the midst of the tuft of hair. It is a horny substance, about two lines in length, and is in the form of a small cone bent a little upon itself: it adheres by its base to the skin alone, and not to the last vertebra, which is separated from it by a distance of about two lines. This small claw is found in both sexes. The commentators on Homer endeavoured to explain by the presence of this claw the singular circumstance mentioned in the *Iliad*, viz. that the lion alone, of all animals, moves his tail violently when he is irritated, and strikes his sides with it: they believed that the lion endeavoured to excite himself by pricking his flanks with the claw in his tail. Blumenbach ascertained the existence of this claw several years ago; but the work in which he published his observations is unknown to naturalists; and they would probably for a long time have remained unacquainted with the fact we have just mentioned, had not M. Deshayes pointed it out, and induced those who particularly devote themselves to such subjects to make some inquiries into it.

* Arbuthnot calculates the Roman pound at 3246-4 English grains, making 10 pounds Roman equivalent to 7-494 pounds English.

This claw is very easily detached from the skin, so that in general there is no trace of it in stuffed specimens.

DR. SEYFFARTH.

THE liberal patronage of our Sovereign has enabled this distinguished scholar to visit, in a scientific point of view, the most interesting parts of Germany, Italy, France, England, and Holland; and he is not long since returned amongst us. He has recommended his prælections by giving a course on Egyptian archæology and the present state of Egyptian literature. He was nearly three years away from us, and employed that interval in exploring, with reference to those particular subjects, the various musea and libraries, both public and private, of Vienna, Munich, Milan, Turin, Rome, Naples, Lyons, Paris, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Amsterdam, Leyden, &c. The result of his inquiries has been to bring to light an immense number of remarkable Egyptian MSS. and unknown Coptic writings, many of which are above two thousand, and some even above three thousand three hundred, years old. The collection he has brought back contains more than ten thousand articles, comprised in twenty-one folio volumes; and it is more particularly valuable, as consisting, for the greater part, of perfect copies and impressions from the originals (for which purpose he has employed peculiar substances and compositions), as well as casts in plaster of Paris. As the deciphering of these records may be deemed one of the most important discoveries of the nineteenth century, and the records themselves belong chiefly to the historical class, the reports upon them, which our friend proposes gradually to bring forward, will contribute most essentially to spread a more general and accurate acquaintance with Egyptian literature, and to throw a clearer light upon the field of history and other sciences.—*Extract of a Letter from Leipzig.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

HAVING alluded in our last Number but one to a very curious and interesting Essay on Egyptian History, &c. as connected with the Holy Scriptures, very recently published at Paris by Père Greppo, vicaire-général of the diocese of Ballay (of which a very few copies have been received in England, though more are expected), our readers will probably not be displeased to see a short paper on the same subject (written in June 1828, and agreeing in a remarkable manner with most of the above-mentioned learned father's opinions), which has just reached us from one of our correspondents, who has been authorised by the writer of it to make use of it in any way that he chose.

[Extract of a Letter to the Marquess Spineto, dated June 10, 1828.]

On the Connection between the Egyptians and Israelites, and the sojourn of the latter during the eighteenth dynasty, and the Pharaohs at that time mentioned in the Holy Scripture.

It seems now settled, by the best chronologers, that the exode of Israel took place in the year 1490-1 A.C.: it occurred, therefore, in the reign of Amenoph-Rameses (father of Sesostris, and son of Meiamoun), who began his reign anno 1493 A.C. (vide 1st Lettre au Duc de Blacas, Not. Chronologique, p. 117, and the other authorities). It follows, that Rameses Meiamoun was the Pharaoh from whose face Moses fled when he had slain the Egyptian; for Meiamoun reigned sixty-six

years, commencing in 1559 A.C.; Moses was eighty years of age when summoned by the angel in Horeb, after the death of that prince, and probably in the first year of Amenoph-Rameses, before whom he was ordered to appear; Moses had been exiled forty years in Midian, being forty years of age when he fled (vide Bible); therefore he must have fled in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Meiamoun, and must have been born in the reign of Mandouci (the Achencheres II. of Manetho), who ascended the throne in 1585, i. e. about the eighteenth year of that prince. It seems probable that Osirei (Ph'osirei, the Busiris of the Greeks?), Mandouci, and Meiamoun, were the Pharaohs that persecuted Israel; and that Israel had been protected by their predecessors, Amenophis II., Thothmosis IV., Amenophis III. (Memnon), and Horus,—who seem to have been good and beneficent princes, and as such highly honoured by the Egyptians. It was in the reign of Amenophis II. (son of Mæris) that Joseph came into Egypt (and afterwards Jacob, i. e. from 1715 A.C. to 1706, vide the Chronology). The other princes, Osirei and his successors, appear to have been sanguinary tyrants and conquerors (vide their tombs, bas-reliefs, &c.); and being of a race collateral to the former kings (vid. Not. Chronologique, p. 107) might have been called the "kings who knew not Joseph." Their oppressions of Israel were punished in the time of their descendant Amenoph-Rameses; and whether or not this prince perished personally in the Red Sea (which may be doubted, as it is no where expressly so said in Scripture, except in one passage of one of the Alleluia Psalms, which were probably composed after the Babylonish captivity), it is clear that great and serious calamities befell Egypt in his time, as declared by the historian Manetho, therein corroborating the Mosaic account. It is likely that on this account, with his unfortunate and unhappy reign the priests chose to conclude the eighteenth dynasty, and commence a new one, the nineteenth, with the accession of his son, Rameses-Sethos, the Sesostris of the Greeks—as being a reign of peculiar prosperity and glory. The long wandering of Israel in the desert of Sinai, forty years, more than twenty of which correspond with the early years of the reign of Sesostris, during which many of his great conquests on the side of Syria and Palestine must have been achieved, sufficiently accounts for Moses and the Israelites not mentioning him, and not having met with him; as they would have been in the peninsula of Sinai, and afterwards proceeding by Mount Hor, and to the eastward of the Dead Sea,—while Sesostris probably penetrated into Palestine, &c. from Pelusium "along the sea-coast." He is said to have returned into Egypt the same way (vide Diodorus and Manetho). May it not be supposed, that the Divine influence (operating by second causes whenever a miracle was not absolutely necessary) directed Moses to proceed by Sinai, Mount Hor, and eastward of the Dead Sea, in order that Israel might be out of the way of Sesostris, and that they might ultimately have the advantage of attacking the Canaanitish nations after their power should have been broken by the previous invasion of Sesostris; and it is expressly said, that Moses was not allowed to lead Israel by the way of the Philistines (i. e. along the coast), "lest they should see war." The extreme youth of Sethos-Rameses (Sesostris) at the time of the exode, as described by Manetho (and vid. Diodor. Sic.), is well accounted for by the death of the eldest son of the king at the time of the

destruction of the first-born of Egypt. Of this there can be no doubt, as it is expressly stated by Moses.

FINE ARTS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WE had the pleasure, last week, of seeing a large and remarkably fine picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been, as it were, "raised from the dead." It is the property of the Earl of Westmoreland; but has for many years been lying neglected among lumber of various kinds; and, when discovered, was in so deplorable a state of decay (the surface being in many parts cracked, and the whole obscured by dirt), that the noble earl doubted the expediency of any attempt to restore it. Fortunately, however, he consulted Sir Thomas Lawrence on the subject. Sir Thomas recommended that it should be put into the hands of Mr. Dunthorne, of Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square; who, himself a clever artist, and familiar with the nature of oils, varnishes, and pigments, has devoted much of his time to the recovery of old pictures. The result has been highly gratifying to all parties. The picture is a composition of three whole-length figures. One is a portrait of the Hon. Henry Fane (uncle, we believe, to the present Earl of Westmoreland); the others are portraits of his guardians, Mr. Blair and Mr. Inigo Jones, a descendant of the celebrated architect. Mr. Fane and Mr. Jones are seated in a garden alcove, with a table before them, on which there seems to be some excellent claret; Mr. Blair is in a standing attitude, and is looking out of the picture. The whole is in Sir Joshua's best style. It appears to have been painted about the year 1770. The veteran Northcote, who has seen the picture since its resuscitation, is quite delighted with it; and the more so, as he recollects having vanished it for his friend and instructor, Sir Joshua, above fifty years ago.—Our knowledge of the injuries frequently inflicted on works of art by pretenders, who undertake to restore them "if in the very worst state," has prejudiced its against what is generally called "picture-cleaning;" but we should be guilty of great injustice to Mr. Dunthorne if we did not express our admiration of the skill which has enabled him thus to renovate one of the most pleasing and masterly productions of the father of the English school.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Whole-length Portrait of His Majesty, in the Robes of the Garter. Engraved in mezzotinto, on steel, by — Hodgetts, from the original picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Colnaghi.

KINGS, popes, statesmen, and heroes, come presented to us, through the medium of art, in such quick succession, that it may be said of them, as of the wooders of Portia, "whiles we shut the gate upon one, another knocks at the door." The present performance, however, claims our especial attention, both as respects our gracious Sovereign, and as regards the artists to whose joint efforts the public is indebted for so fine a work. We have recently noticed a portrait of our gracious Monarch in the familiar habit in which he is generally seen in domestic life; in the present print we behold him in all the splendour of royal decoration,—such as he ought to appear in the eyes of foreign potentates and nations; as dignified and illustrious in deportment and costume as he is in station and character. To the merits of the original picture the pages of

the *Literary Gazette* have already borne testimony; but if the talents of Sir Thomas Lawrence were conspicuous in its production, the talents of Mr. Hodgetts are no less so in the masterly engraving from it which is now before us. We are well aware of the difficulties with which he must have had to contend in the execution of his arduous task;—difficulties arising both from the nature of the work itself, and from the competition into which he had to enter with able contemporaries in a branch of art which has at no period been more fruitful of excellence; and we, therefore, feel the greater pleasure in saying that, whether viewed with reference to its minute and varied details, or to its more rare and valuable quality of general character and effect, this noble plate does Mr. Hodgetts the highest credit.

Decorations of the Grand Staircase of the New Royal Palace. From the Designs of Thomas Stothard, Esq., R.A.

It is with great pleasure that we find the talents of Mr. Stothard at length making their way into the residence of our gracious Sovereign, whose taste in the Fine Arts sheds a lustre on all which he approves. The subjects of these decorations are the Seasons, represented on four friezes. Each frieze is twenty feet in length, and the figures are about half the size of life. They have been modelled by Mr. A. J. Stothard, the son of Mr. Stothard, from his father's designs. Mr. Stothard's skill and elegance in composition, especially in that class of compositions which assumes a lengthened or processional shape, are well known; and he has again displayed those qualities in a very striking manner in the present work, which abounds with beauty of form in all the playful and poetical variety of nymphs, genii, and other allegorical figures. Mr. A. J. Stothard also has executed his difficult task with great judgment and ability. When these friezes are placed in the situation destined to receive them, we are persuaded that they will have a remarkably fine effect.

Abbotsford. F. Waller, Fleet-street.

Who can read the word "Abbotsford," much less contemplate a pictorial representation of the place itself, without instantly thinking of its illustrious occupant, and of those numerous and delightful creations of his powerful and richly-stored mind, which have contributed so much to the enjoyment of the present age, and which will contribute so much to the enjoyment of posterity? This is a very pleasing print. It has been lithographed, in his best style, by Mr. Gauci, from an original painting by Mrs. Terry, the widow of Mr. Terry; whose loss in a range of characters, certainly more varied than that of any of his contemporaries, the theatrical world has so much cause to regret. Mrs. Terry is the daughter of Mr. Nasmyth, the celebrated artist of Edinburgh; and she appears to inherit her father's talents and taste. The print is, we understand, published for her benefit. If every admirer of Sir Walter Scott would but follow our advice, and purchase a copy of it, the sale would be of unprecedented extent.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, from Drawings by Captain Battay. Part XII. Jennings.

THIS Part completes the work. Besides the usual number of plates, executed with at least the usual skill and taste, it contains an engraved title, with a beautiful vignette of the "En-

trance to the King's Palace, Herrnhäusen." Of the plates, "The Porta Westfalica, looking down the Weser towards Minden," and comprehending the celebrated field of battle of 1759; and the richly picturesque "Blauenburg, Hartz," in which Louis XVIII. resided for a considerable time during his exile,—are our favourites.

Fisher's Illustrations of Ireland. No. 5.

THAT fine building "The Bank of Ireland," "The Ruins of Lord Portlester's Chapel, St. Audeon's Church," and two views of "Kilkenny Castle," form the embellishments of the fifth No. of this pretty little publication.

A Series of Sketches of the existing Localities alluded to in the Waverley Novels. Etched from original drawings by James Skene, Esq. Nos. 1 and 2. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall; and Moon, Boys, and Graves, London.

SLIGHT; but picturesque, and interesting.

Richard Jones, Esq. of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as Alfred Highflyer, in "A Roland for an Oliver." Painted by H. Johnson; on stone by M. G.—Kenneth, Bow-street.

A GOOD resemblance of this lively actor, and respectable and gentlemanlike man.

Caricatures. McLean.

WE have lately been much amused by looking over a number of caricatures, some single, and political, such as "Hint-dropping," "Repose," "A Political Riddle," "A Broad Hint," &c.; others in sets, and of general application, such as "Paul Pry's Trip to Margate," "The March of Intellect," "A Search after the Comfortable," &c. With regard to the first class, it is really surprising to observe with what few lines the countenances of some of our leading public men, especially the Duke of Wellington, may be imitated. The profile of his Grace in "Repose" and "A Broad Hint," is perfect; and although in "A Political Riddle" only a small portion of his face is visible, no one can doubt to whom it belongs. The second class of the publications in question is exceedingly diverting. We were particularly delighted with "A Search after the Comfortable." It consists of "the adventures of a little gentleman of small fortune," represented in about fifty whimsical designs. The name of the hero is Peter Pickle, Esq., formerly a lawyer's clerk, but who has suddenly become possessed of four hundred a-year. He goes through the usual routine of dissipation; retires, for the sake of retrenchment, to a rural abode, where he is assailed by the blue devils; applies, in vain, for relief to the study of the arts and sciences; determines on getting rid of ennui by travelling, and, being disappointed in his hopes of finding "the comfortable" in these various devices, ultimately seeks for it in marriage, and is awakened from the dream of supposing that he has united himself to a rich bride, of whose affections he was the first object, by his wife's introducing to him, on the day after the wedding, five urchins of various longitudes, and accompanying the introduction with a "I have no fortune, love, but a fine family by my last dear man: I was a milliner; but, as I found it very laborious, I thought it best to get married again!"—It is but justice to Mr. McLean to add, that we have never seen any caricatures published by him which might not be introduced into a drawing-room, and submitted to

the inspection of ladies. And, apropos, Mr. Paul Pry, whose caricatures have obtained so much just popularity, has been obliged to protect himself from plagiarists by dropping his *incog.*, and caricaturing himself under his real name of Heath.

Waterloo.—Mr. Burnet has completed the etching of his intended plate from Mr. Wilkie's picture of "Chelsea Pensioners receiving the news of the Battle of Waterloo." It looks remarkably well; and Mr. Burnet is proceeding with his arduous undertaking as rapidly as circumstances will allow.—Mr. S. P. Denning, whose beautiful miniatures we have had such frequent occasion to praise in our notices of the Exhibitions at Somerset House, has made a drawing from Mr. Wilkie's picture, which, in expression, colouring, effect, and execution, is one of the most fascinating specimens of the power of water-colours that we have ever beheld.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

A VOICE from stately Babylon, a mourner's rising cry—
And Lydia's marble palaces give back their deep reply;
And, like the sound of distant winds o'er ocean's billows sent,
Ecstasy! thy storied wall sends forth the wild lament.
For he, the dreaded arbiter—a dawning empire's trust—
The eagle child of victory—the great, the wise, the just—
Assyria's famed and conquering sword, and Media's regal strength—
Hath bow'd his head to earth beneath a mightier hand at length.
And darkly, through a sorrowing land, Euphrates winds along,
And Cydnus, with its silver wave, has heard the funeral song;
And through the wide and sultry East, and through the frozen North,
The tabret and the harp are hush'd—the wail of grief goes forth.
There is a solitary tomb, with rankling weeds o'ergrown,
A single palm bends mournfully beside the mould'ring stone,
Amidst whose leaves the passing breeze, with fitful gust and slow,
Seems sighing with a feeble dirge for him who sleeps below.
Beside, its sparkling drops of foam a desert fountain showers,
And, floating calm, the lotus wreathes its red and scented flowers;
And lurks the mountain fox, unseen, beside the vulture's nest,
And steals the wild hyæna past, in lone and silent quest.
Is this Ambition's resting-place—the couch of fallen might?
And ends the path of glory thus, and fame's enshrining light?
Chief of a progeny of kings, renown'd and fear'd afar,
How is thy boasted name forgot, and dimm'd thine honour's star!
Approach:—what saith that graven verse?
Alas, for human pride!—
"Dominion's envied gifts were mine—nor earth her praise denied."

Thou, traveller, if a suppliant's voice find echo
in thy breast,
O envy not the little dust which hides my
mortal rest!"* J. F. H.

Chelsea.

MUSIC.

An Inquiry respecting the best Means to be employed with Beginners on the Piano-Forte, &c., so as to induce a Habit of Keeping Time.

THIS inquiry will, no doubt, be met with the prompt, and, as it will be deemed, unanswerable reply of, "Let them count their time," from a host of teachers, with whom a majority of parents may probably join chorus. This, they may say, has been the method adopted with respect to ourselves; and what greater proof of its efficacy can be required or expected? Nevertheless, I hope it will not be thought intrusive if I venture to ask, Whether it be not possible to count, as well as to play, out of time? Whether, in general, those who without counting would play out of time, do not accommodate their counting to their playing, and not their playing to their counting? Whether ninety-nine out of a hundred do not invariably stop counting, and especially in the absence of the master, just at the critical places where alone it is required? Whether the din produced by this incessant singing, squeaking, humming, blubbing, buzzing, muttering, or grunting accompaniment, may not clog the imagination and vitiate the taste, by diverting the attention from its proper objects—effect and expression? Whether it be judicious for those who play out of time continually, in consequence of having no ear; or, for those who only err occasionally for want of a greater command of their instrument, to encounter two difficulties at the same time, because they are scarcely able, or perhaps quite unable, to contend with one alone? It is commonly supposed that the ear may be much improved by cultivation; but I am fully persuaded that this is, as Brown terms it, a "vulgar error," although outward appearances may seem to warrant the contrary.

I know a child who, though only eighteen months old, will sing melodious phrases, perfectly in tune and in time, and these in the minor as well as in the major mode; yet it would be absurd to suppose that such a child could comprehend a sonata by Beethoven. Now, should this child grow up and be able hereafter to appreciate and enjoy the music of this wonderful composer (for few there are who can!), it will not be because his ear or his sense of discriminating the relation between one sound and another has become more acute, but because the stock of his ideas is increased. And thus it is in all cases. But in matters relative to what is termed an "ear for music," inattentive persons are apt to attribute that which is the result of a more cultivated taste in the department of science to the superior delicacy and refinement of the organ itself. But, for my part, I would as readily believe that the study and practice of painting has a tendency to render the perception of the effect of the prismatic colours more clear and vivid to the eye, as that the study and practice of music should cause the relation between one sound and another to become more distinctly perceptible, and thereby improve the ear. One of the strongest arguments, in my opinion, in favour of this position, arises from the consideration that our senses are not like the faculties either of the mind or body. For

though, in their incipient state, these are in all cases by nature exceedingly feeble, and only become strong and active, in process of time, by use and exertion;—yet, this is so far from being the case with respect to the senses, that, in point of fact, they are obviously in the highest state of perfection, not only in early life, but during infancy; and as it is universally admitted that they are the only inlets to, or primary source of, all knowledge, the cause for the distinction is as obvious as it is admirable. Though these remarks may at first appear digressive, they will, upon reflection, be found to bear very closely upon the subject under consideration: for, if I am right, it follows, that we have no power whatever to overcome defects which are really constitutional; and where such defects do not exist, it must be evident, that the stiff, mechanical method of counting ought only to be resorted to as occasion may require—in order, sometimes, to be convinced, once for all, that the value of the notes has not been mistaken for others; as, for example, that we have not mistaken crotchets for quavers, or quavers for crotchets, &c.—sometimes in order so to analyse the time in complicated passages as to be sure ever after that we have not formed a hasty and erroneous conception of them—and sometimes to make comparisons between distant parts of a long movement, by skipping abruptly from one part to another; for let it be observed, that the influence which impels us *insensibly* to accelerate or retard the time in playing, will also affect the counting; for which reason no dependence can be placed upon its agency in order to ensure a perfect equality throughout a whole movement; neither can it be conveniently applied to the regulation of the more minute subdivisions. If then, after all our counting, the ear must be left sole arbiter with respect both to the grand outline and its minute details, why should so great a ceremony be made about the crotchets and quavers? But I refrain from further remark, and take this opportunity to recommend the use of Mæbyles' Metronome; or, in the event of the pupil not possessing this inestimable instrument, that the teacher, in the first instance, should count to the playing of the pupil, and that afterwards the scholar should count to the performance of the master; either of which practices is, in my opinion, preferable to the common system pursued, of permitting pupils to "count their own time."*

79, Wimpole Street.

D. C. HEWITT.†

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A THREE-ACT drama by Mr. Peake, called the *Spring Lock*, and founded on two early Italian novels, was produced on Tuesday last. It is as broad as it is long,—some of the scenes bordering upon extravagance,—and, when considerably curtailed, will, no doubt, prove an attractive after-piece; though we question its ever rivalling the *Bottle-imp* in popularity. The whole burden of the drama rests upon Keeley's shoulders—the comic Atlas of this house—who, in the scene of his "mystification," convulsed the house with laughter. The music is by Mr. Rodwell: nearly every song

* The performance of duets, with a steady "timist,"—but not, as is too often the case, putting two novices to practise together—considerably tends to teach the pupil the value of time.

† This professor is the ingenious author of a work, recently published, on the Mathematics of Music: a review of which appeared in a former Number, and which induced us to request and insert his opinions upon the subject so ably discussed in this letter.—Ed. L. G.

was encored. The applause at the fall of the curtain was loud and unanimous.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE had a peep yesterday at the Panorama of Constantinople, which is to open to the public on Monday next. It is exceedingly beautiful, and does Mr. Burford the highest credit. Under any circumstances it would be an attractive exhibition; but, in the present critical situation of the Turkish Empire, when no one can tell how soon this magnificent city, with its splendid palaces, superb kiosks, swelling domes, extensive terraces, lofty mosques, pointed minarets, glittering crescents, and populous seaglios, may be exposed to the ravages of an almost barbarous army, the interest which so fine a representation of it excites must be increased tenfold.

VARIETIES.

Population of Paris.—The inconveniences attendant on the density of the population in the heart of Paris begin to be very sensibly felt; and it has been proposed to imitate the plan which has of late years been so beneficially acted upon in London; namely, that of opening new streets and squares in the centre of the metropolis, in order to compel a portion of its inhabitants to withdraw towards the circumference.

Statistics.—M. Moreau de Jonnés lately read a paper to the Académie des Sciences, in which, taking a view of all the nations of Europe, he shewed that agricultural and commercial pre-eminence, as well as the general prosperity of the people, were always in direct proportion to the extent of pasturage in a country; whether the meadows were natural, though improved, or artificial. At the head of the nations so regarded he placed England; and to Spain, in which artificial meadows are unknown, he assigned the lowest rank. He considered France to be a century behind England in this respect; and that not only were the English flocks much more numerous than those of France, but that the animals were finer, and their flesh of a better quality; so that, upon the average, every inhabitant of England was enabled to eat double the quantity of animal food (and that of a superior kind), that, upon the average, every inhabitant of France had the means of procuring.

Mr. Buckingham.—The Glasgow Courier states, that on Saturday, the 8th inst., at the close of Mr. Buckingham's lecture (a lecture which lasted nearly four hours, but which was listened to with intense and uninterrupted interest and attention), a vote of thanks to him for the able and eloquent manner in which he had treated the subject of India and its administration was proposed, and carried by acclamation.

Germination of Plants.—About six months ago, M. Pinot communicated to the Académie des Sciences the result of some experiments made upon the radicals of seeds, in order to shew that in germinating they were capable of penetrating mercury. As, however, the weight of the seed, and the adhesion of the cotyledonary body to the humid surface of the mercury were supposed to afford an explanation of the fact, M. Pinot has lately made further experiments with a seed of *latyrus odoratus* (the cotyledons of which do not unfold themselves in the act of germination), which he balanced with great nicety over, but at the distance of nearly one-fifth of an inch from, a

* Vide Phutarch's Life of Alexander.

surface of mercury, previously moistened. The germination took place as usual; and when the radical reached the mercury it pierced and buried itself in it, as had been the case when the seed was put on the metal.

Migratory Crabs.—We are assured by a correspondent from Ryegate that there was no imposition in the story of a shower of crabs having fallen near that place. He tells us that the crabs were found in an enclosed yard attached to the United Poor-house on Easlewood common, which yard had been completely flooded by the torrent of rain that had just fallen. The occurrence excited much attention in the neighbourhood; and after the strictest inquiry into the circumstances, it was generally believed that the crabs descended with the rain, although in the first instance not the slightest credit was given to the fact. Several of the crabs, when found, were as lively and active as if just taken from the sea. The largest of them weighed somewhat less than two ounces.

The Holy Alliance.—General La Harpe, the tutor of the late Emperor Alexander, has addressed a long letter to the editor of the *French Globe*, in reference to the extracts which appeared in that paper from the work of a M. Empéas, of Geneva, the disciple of Madame de Krudener, and which represented the Holy Alliance as resulting from the religious enthusiasm of the emperor. The general denies that such was the origin of the Holy Alliance; and enters into a long detail of facts and dates, to shew that the emperor desired to introduce reforms required by the spirit of the age, and to form new institutions for the benefit of his subjects and of Europe in general; and he argues that these intentions were manifested by the emperor at the very commencement of his reign.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Cassini made a report upon the collection of artificial plants presented to the Academy by Baron Humbert de Molard. The report stated, that the most complete success had attended the attempt to imitate the living plants, as to the leaves, stems, and fruits, but not so much so as to the flowers. The manufacturer of these plants was a M. d'Argenteille, who made them in the isle of France.—At the same sitting, M. Pamard, a physician at Avignon, presented to the Academy an instrument of his invention, called *sonde courbe*, for the introduction into the bladder of the instruments for crushing the stone. According to the statement of the inventor, this instrument does away with all the inconvenience hitherto felt in operations of this description.—A letter was read from M. Vanner, a physician at Thomery, on hydrophobia, and the means of treating it. The author considers this disease as entirely nervous, having its seat in the nerves of the eighth pair; and from the great success which has attended the use of sulphate of quinine in nervous disorders similarly seated, the doctor strongly recommends that it should be employed in cases of hydrophobia, in large doses, either by the skin, or by injection into the veins.

Mozart as Valet de Chambre.—In a recently published biography of Mozart, by Counsellor Nissen, the late husband of Mozart's widow,—out of 900 pages of large octavo, along with anecdotes told over and over again, we meet with a few hitherto unknown. To these belongs the following, as given in Nissen's own words:—"Never was Mozart's situation more deplorable than at the court of the Archbishop of Salzburg. A low salary,

a haughty, repulsive treatment, humbled him extremely. The archbishop treated him as the meanest creature. No ignominious expression was spared to mortify that great musician, who already, even when a child, had been honoured by kings and princes. In the scale of domestic rank he had that of a *valet de chambre*. At the common table Mozart had his seat beneath the upper valets (leibkammerdiener), but above the cooks. Even the confectioner of the archbishop had precedence of him. At length Mozart very naturally demanded his dismissal; and this he received with these humane words—"Pack yourself off, if you will not serve me properly."

Magnificent Donation.—John Soane, Esq., R.A., has transmitted, through the hands of Lord Farnborough, one thousand pounds towards erecting a monument to commemorate the memory of H. R. H. the late Duke of York.

National Prejudices.—There are no people under heaven's canopy more jealous of their popular usages than the Swiss: they kick against the most trifling innovation, and are sceptical beyond measure as to its promised advantages. On one occasion a reform of the calendar was projected, and the canton of Glarus took up arms against the innovation, from a motive the absurdity of which never entered the simple brains of its opponents. On the borders of this canton stands a lofty rock, in which is a hollow passage called the "Mauritius Loch;" the sunbeams break through this aperture two days in the year (on the 3d of March and 3d of September), and illumine the steeple of the parish church at Elms. Now the country-people conceived, that were a new calendar introduced, Phœbus would be shorn of his privilege; and for this very pertinent reason they determined to resist his antagonist!

French Poetry.—The new chief Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior in France is Baron Trouvé, who was formerly a bookseller. He is a poet; and some of his verses, made on different occasions, are now circulated in Paris. The following are specimens—

"On the Convention.

Bientôt une auguste assemblée,
Dépositaire de nos droits,
Viendra, par la France appelée,
Nous délivrer du mal des rois.

On the 10th of August at the Tuilleries.

Tout a ful: l'horrible repaire
Où des long-temps séjournait la guerre,
En solitude s'est changé;
Le fer a semé le carnage,
L'airain promène le ravage,
Le sang du peuple est trop vengé.

On the Allies.

Ah! faisons mordre la poussière
A cette horde meurtrière,
A cette meute des tyrans
Qui, du Danube et de la Sprée,
Vient dévorer notre contrée
Au nom de deux ou trois brigands."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Keepsake is in a state of great forwardness; among the contributors' names are the following: Sir Walter Scott—Lord Byron—Lord Holland—Lord Normanby—Lord Morpeth—Lord Porchester—Lord Nugent—Hon. George Agar Ellis—Hon. Charles Phipps—Hon. Henry Liddell—R. Bernal, M.P.—Theodore Hook—S. T. Coleridge—Archdeacon Spencer—J. R. Gowen—William Roscoe—W. Jerdan—Lady Caroline Lamb—Miss Landon—Thomas Haynes Bayly—Charles Brinsley Sheridan—the Authors of "Anastasia," "Granby," "O'Hara Tales," "Frankenstein," "Hungarian Tales," and "Hajji Baba." Of these we hear that Sir Walter Scott's contribution is a dramatic romance, alias a tragedy, in five acts, written in imitation of the German, and founded on the Free Knights; and Lord Byron's are ten letters of the most interesting nature, beginning with his settlement at Pisa in 1821, and ending at Missolonghi in April 1824, a few days before his death.

Rarest Poem of Lord Byron's.—An article of great curiosity and interest, being the first known attempt at poetry by Lord Byron, will, we understand, be sub-

mitted to the public in the volume of that favourite Annual, the *Forget-Me-Not*, now in preparation. It is copied from the autograph of the noble poet, and certified by the lady to whom it was addressed—the "Mary" who was the object of his earliest, and perhaps his only, real attachment, and whom he has celebrated in several of his poems—as having been written when he left Anneley, the residence of her family.

Archæology.—*Bullettino degli Annali dell' Istituto di Correspondenza Archæologica, per l'anno 1829.*—The plan of a journal which Professor Gerhard had formed, in conjunction with several Roman and German literati, met with many difficulties in the execution; and in consideration of what connoisseurs and friends of ancient art had to expect from a journal published at Rome with the assistance of antiquaries of all nations, it seemed advisable to make regular accounts of new discoveries and excavations a principal object. A number of the most distinguished amateurs and admirers of antiquities having united under the protection of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the direction of the Duke Blacas d'Aulps, to found an institution for archæological correspondence, Messrs. Bunsen, Fœn, Gerhard, Kestner, Müllingen, Nibby, Panofsky, Thorwaldsen, and Welcker, were chosen regular members of the board of directors; and Messrs. Boeckh, Hirt, Rumohr, A. W. Von Schlegel, Stackelberg, Ardit, Avellino, Carelli, Inghirami, Mustoxidi, Sanguisoglio Spinelli, Serra di Falco, Visconti, and Zannoni, were appointed honorary members. The first Bulletin, for the months of January to May this year, contains many interesting reports: on excavations in Etruria and in the vicinity of Rome, by Gerhard—ditto in Naples, by Panofsky—on Pompeii, by several—on the excavations of the Roman Forum, by Bunsen—those of the forum of Trajan, by Fœn, &c. The Society has obtained from the Cardinal Camerlingo Galefi, the favour that all reports relative to excavations, addressed to the Committee of Antiquity in Rome, shall be communicated to it for the use of the Bulletin; in the same manner, the Neapolitan Academy of the Ercolanesi has been authorized by its government to communicate the antiquarian reports which it receives to the Prince of Sanguisoglio Spinelli, who will put them into a proper form for the Annals. In this manner we may expect in future complete and authentic accounts of archæological novelties in Italy, which have hitherto been procured only by chance, or with great pains, and yet seldom complete. Besides the Annals, the Society publishes copper-plates, in which imitated works of ancient art are represented in outline, from the contributions of the members. The Number which has already appeared contains—Representations of the wall and gates, and a plan of the town of Norba, drawn and engraved by Mr. Knapp—Gate of Segni, published by Dodwell—Ceres and Triptolemus, paintings on vases, by Gerhard—four pictures of vases, collected by Panofsky—a ditto by Müllingen. The explanations of these plates will appear in the first No. of the Annals, which are sold separate from the Bulletin, and, besides these explanations, will contain, partly, accurate accounts of excavations and the additions to the museums—and partly, a view of the latest publications in the department of archæological literature. These three works, connected together, will be delivered only to those who have had themselves entered as members of the Society, by an annual contribution of two louis d'or.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Thomson's Atlas to Bateman, royal 8vo. 3s. 6ds.—Best's Cuma, a Poem, 8vo. 14s. 6ds.—Some Account of the Life of Reginald Heber, 18mo. 6s. 6ds.—Page on the Poor-Laws, second edition, 8vo. 6s. 6ds.—Gilead, and other Poems, by the author of "My Early Years," &c., 12mo. 3s. 6ds.—Vidocq's Memoirs, Vol. IV. 18mo. 3s. 6ds.; royal 18mo. 6s. 6ds.—Heber's Sermons Preached in England, 2d edition, 8vo. 9s. 6ds.—Dibdin's Bibliographical Tour, second edition, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 21. 15s. 6ds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 6	From 45. to 49.	30.06 to 30.88
Friday... 7	— 56. — 72.	30.06 — 30.12
Saturday... 8	— 50. — 78.	30.19 — 30.17
Sunday... 9	— 51. — 74.	30.06 — 29.96
Monday... 10	— 57. — 69.	29.86 Stationary
Tuesday... 11	— 45. — 66.	30.00 to 30.05
Wednesday 12	— 45. — 70.	30.00 Stationary

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.
Except the 10th, when it rained incessantly, the weather has been more favourable for the wheat harvest, which has, about this neighbourhood, generally commenced.
Rain fallen, 475 of an inch.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 55. to 75.	29.75 to 29.66
Friday... 14	— 54. — 74.	29.50 — 29.36
Saturday... 15	— 50. — 64.	29.50 — 29.69
Sunday... 16	— 47. — 60.	29.63 — 29.89
Monday... 17	— 38. — 67.	30.06 — 30.00
Tuesday... 18	— 40. — 67.	29.83 — 29.60
Wednesday 19	— 53. — 66.	29.50 — 29.40

Wind variable, prevailing S.E. and S.W.
Except the 16th and 17th, raining incessantly, rendering the weather very unfavourable for the harvest. In the afternoon of the 14th a storm of thunder and lightning from the S.W.

Rain fallen, 1375 of an inch.
Edmonton.
Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

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